California Historical Society *Quarterly*

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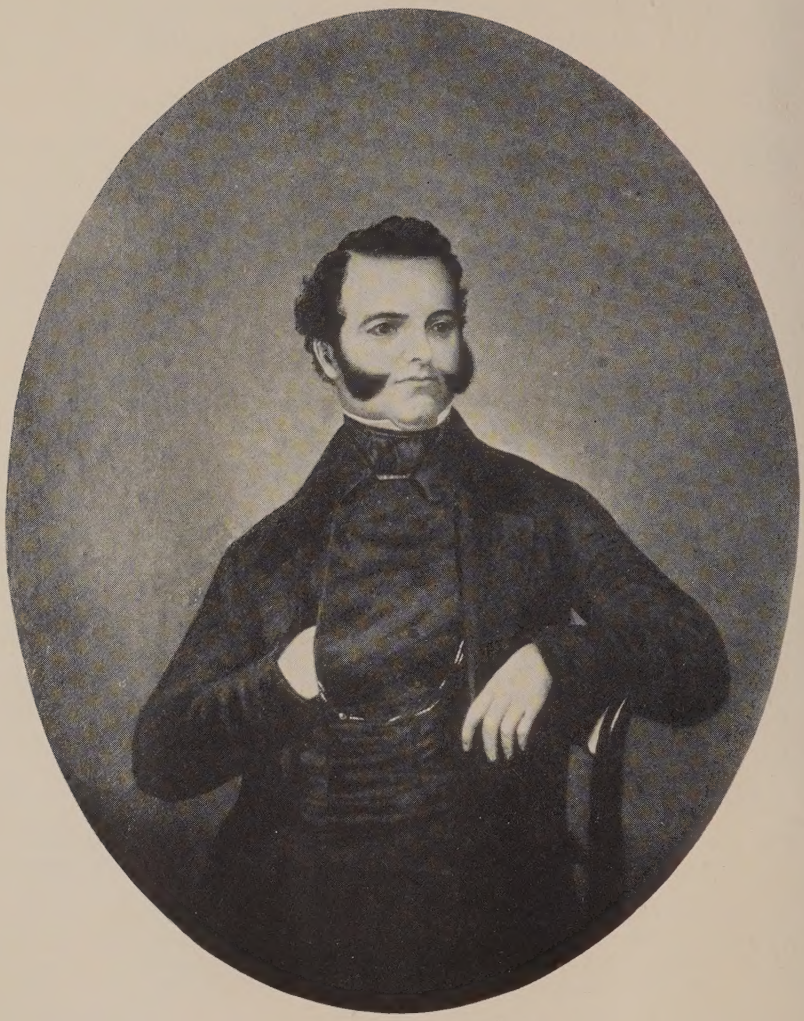

MARIANO GUADALUPE VALLEJO

AS A YOUNG MAN

A hitherto unpublished portrait, reproduced from the original oil painting in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Charles D. McGettigan (Francisca Vallejo).

California Historical Society
Quarterly

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 2

JUNE 1937

MARIANO GUADALUPE VALLEJO
and
SONOMA
A Biography and a History

By GEORGE TAYS

INTRODUCTION

THE HISTORY of Sonoma did not begin with the founding of the town, nor even with the founding of the Mission San Francisco Solano, around which it grew. It began with the birth of Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who was born on July 7, 1808.

Under these circumstances the narrative covering the town's first forty years is largely the biography of Vallejo. Many events that had their inception elsewhere are integral parts of the story, for the life of the town and that of its protector and foremost citizen are so inextricably interwoven that it might truly be said that without the man the town could not have come into existence.

Note must be taken of Vallejo's campaigns against the Indians at the beginning of his military career; likewise his services as a member of the territorial assembly of California under Mexican rule and his activities in the revolutionary movements which were so much a part of California politics at that time. Into the story also comes the Russian advance down the Pacific Coast; not so much from the standpoint of international politics as from the effect the settlement at Fort Ross had upon the founding of Sonoma.

To the ardent desires of Father Altimira to open new pagan fields for conversion may be traced the establishment of Sonoma's Mission. It thrived and was becoming rich and powerful when it was overtaken by secularization; and at this point Vallejo was ordered to take control. As its administrator in 1835 he settled the members of the Padres-Hijar colony in a village near the Mission, and thus the town of Sonoma came into being.

Early in 1836, the Presidio of San Francisco was abandoned, and Vallejo, as its commandant, moved the troops to Sonoma, where he set up a military post for the protection of the Northern Frontier.

During the year that followed, with few exceptions, Vallejo seldom absented himself from Sonoma. He occupied his time with the building up of a private army and his endeavors to increase his vast land holdings and herds of cattle. When the Russians decided to withdraw from California and offered their property for sale, Vallejo was one of the bidders, but it went to Captain Johann August Sutter, of New Helvetia, who offered a higher price. This sale was the cause of the quarrel between the two powerful barons of northern California, though in time the breach was healed and they became fast friends.

Meanwhile, American immigrants were drifting over the Sierra and settling in the Sacramento Valley; and while Vallejo was friendly to Americans he realized that the populating of the northern half of California by a people distinctly different in ideals and customs from the Mexicans constituted a definite threat and danger to the sovereignty of the government which he represented. Many times he wrote to the authorities in Mexico, pointing out this danger, but nothing came of his suggestions; consequently by 1846 the Sacramento Valley and the north shore of San Francisco Bay were well populated by American pioneers.

The match was set to the powder magazine by the arrival of Frémont. Early on the morning of June 14, 1846, Vallejo awoke to find his house in Sonoma surrounded by a filibustering band of some thirty-three rough Americans. He was taken prisoner, together with his brother Salvador and Victor Prudon, and sent under guard to Frémont's camp at Sutter's Fort; his brother-in-law, Jacob P. Leese, accompanying the party as interpreter. The Americans who remained at Sonoma helped themselves to Vallejo's property and set up the abortive Bear Flag Republic.

For a few days the little frontier hamlet became the capital of a fantastic state; but its glory was short-lived, for three weeks later the forces of the United States took Monterey, and on July 9, the American flag was raised over Sonoma. The town became a military post, with Lieutenant Joseph Warren Revere, of the United States Navy, as its commandant.

Sonoma had great hopes for its future. Its inhabitants had visualized it as the bulwark against the Russian menace, but the Russians had withdrawn and that opportunity was lost. There were hopes that it might become a port;

mud-flats and lack of deep water blasted them. The Bear Flag episode again raised hopes, but the bubble burst when Commodore Sloat took possession of California. When Lieutenant Revere raised the American flag, Sonoma seemed to grow in importance, yet little came of its aspirations. Two years later Sonoma became unduly excited. It was felt that the Gold Rush held out glittering possibilities. Sonoma was about to become the northern metropolis, the gateway to the "diggings"; for it was supposed that gold-seekers landing at San Francisco would cross to the Marin shore and thence make their journey overland to Sonoma and the mines. But Sonoma was just a bit too far off the direct route. It was passed by, and its hoped-for prosperity languished.

With hopes of greatness gone, the people of the community turned to agricultural pursuits: the making of good wines, the growing of fine fruits, the raising of blooded stock.

It has been justly said that any institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man. This is likewise true of Sonoma, for without Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo there would have been no town. It is to him that it owes its distinction, for it provided the background for this man of high principles, rare culture and wealth, who has taken his place in history as one of California's outstanding characters.

Chapter I

A YOUNG REBEL IN THE MAKING

Some towns owe their establishment and location to some outstanding natural feature, such as a fine harbor, the junction of two great rivers, a large lake, or some strategic mountain pass near by. Others spring up overnight, due to the discovery of some great source of wealth in the locality. While still others are deliberately founded for a purpose by a government, a society, or even an individual. This last was the case in the founding of Sonoma. Although established mainly because of a governmental edict, nevertheless the success of the enterprise was largely in the hands of one individual, who spent most of his lifetime and his wealth in carrying it on. That person was one of California's most famous native sons, Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.

Ignacio Vicente Ferrer Vallejo, father of Mariano, was born in Jalisco, Mexico, in 1748, of pure Spanish blood. He in turn was the son of Gerónimo Vallejo and Antonia Gomez, natives of Bilbao, ancient capital of the province of Burgos, Spain.[1] On both sides of his family Ignacio came from long lines of prominent individuals, which included priests, friars, nuns, soldiers, and statesmen. And it was while in the service of the Spanish Government that his father Don Gerónimo came to America and was assigned as an official to the Province of Jalisco, on the west coast of Mexico.[2]

Ignacio, like one of his brothers, was dedicated to the church by his

parents; but soon after beginning his studies he showed that he had no inclination for an education or the church and refused to pursue the course farther. His occupation during his early manhood seems to have been along agricultural lines; but in 1773, at the age of twenty-five years, he enlisted as a soldier at Compostela, in Tepic, under Captain Fernando Javier Rivera y Moncada, for service in California. After spending some months in Lower California he arrived at San Diego in September, 1774.[3]

In California he was moved about from post to post, serving at San Diego, San Luis Obispo, San Carlos (Carmel), San José, Soledad, Monterey, Branciforte, and again at Monterey, where he settled permanently. He married Maria Antonia Lugo at San José. To this union were born thirteen children—five sons and eight daughters—of whom one son and three daughters died before 1831, at which time the distinguished Sergeant Don Ignacio Vallejo passed away. It was while the family was living in Monterey that Mariano Guadalupe, the fourth son and eighth child, was born on July 7, 1808.[4]

Mariano began life just as the Spanish people were trying to oust Napoleon from Spain, and the Hispanic countries (of the Western Hemisphere) were beginning their revolutionary struggles for independence from European domination. Although California was very remote from the center of those revolutionary conflicts, still the germs of independence must have been in the air, and the infant Mariano Guadalupe must have been affected by them; for very early in life he revealed traits of a republican character.

During his entire infancy and childhood, the war of independence was being carried on in Mexico with varying success. About the Presidio of Monterey, where his father Don Ignacio was stationed, the youthful Mariano and his nephew, Juan Bautista Alvarado, one year younger, and his friend, José Castro, two years his junior, played, entirely oblivious of the great events and changes that were taking place beyond the boundaries of California and which in a few years were to have such a marked effect upon their careers.

During the first ten years of Vallejo's life, nothing happened to disturb the peace and quiet of this remote fringe of the Spanish Empire. Yet he was only three years old when down from Alaska came the Russians in 1811, to establish a post upon the northern California coast. Their coming determined many of Vallejo's later activities and, in part, the founding of Sonoma. Then, late in the afternoon of November 20, 1818, two strange vessels, commanded by the French captain, Hypolite Bouchard and flying the flag of the Argentine Insurgents, entered Monterey harbor to convince the inhabitants of California, by force if necessary, that they wanted to join the revolutionary cause against Spain.[5]

Without any warning, the ships opened fire upon the fort and presidio, and a landing was attempted, but was repulsed by a battery on the beach,

commanded by José Jesus Vallejo, Mariano's oldest brother. Don Ignacio was in charge of the artillery of the fort, which also took part in the action. So accurate was the fire from the land batteries, that one of the insurgent ships was badly disabled and probably would have been sunk had not the other ship hauled it out of range. Later in the day the insurgents effected a landing with several hundred men, a few miles to the west of the fort, and by nightfall, due to their superior numbers, had succeeded in capturing the town, forcing the government defenders to retire to Rancho del Rey, now Salinas, and the populace of Monterey to flee in wild disorder to the same refuge, leaving most of their property and valuables behind. Many of them saved only what they had on their persons at the time of the attack.

That unwarranted invasion by the insurgents, the battle, the capture of Monterey and the ensuing scenes of disorder and anguish among the civilian inhabitants made a profound impression upon the plastic mind of the ten-year-old Mariano Vallejo. And undoubtedly this incident made him realize how defenceless his country was, and in the end proved to be one of the important factors in determining his choice of a military career, so that he might do all in his power to secure the safety of California.[6]

At the time of this raid, Mariano was already in school, and although the school was poor and the instruction very meager, his quick mind and his ambition to get ahead caused him to make the most of his limited advantages.

Mariano began his education in 1815, some time after he passed his seventh birthday. At that time, and since 1811, the only school that Monterey afforded was conducted by Miguel Gerónimo Archuleta, a soldier, son of Ignacio Archuleta who had come to California with the Anza colony in 1776 and had settled at Mission San Francisco. Miguel Gerónimo was born at that Mission in 1779, and later became a soldier in the San Francisco Company. Early in the 1800's, he was promoted to the rank of corporal. His education was only elementary, such as his father could give him in that frontier post. Yet in 1811, Governor Arrillaga had him transferred to the Monterey Company and ordered him to teach the school which Arrillaga, who was much interested in education, had decided to open in Monterey. Previous to 1811, there had been no permanent public school in Monterey. What instruction had been available was entirely private, supported by contributions from the inhabitants, and whenever the funds became exhausted the school also closed. Spasmodically, somebody opened a school, but it never operated for more than a few months at a time. When Governor Arrillaga took office, he saw the need for a public school, and after some years of patient planning he was able to open one with the inexperienced but willing Archuleta as instructor.[7]

In this school the primers were furnished by the parents of the children; but the company paymaster provided the writing paper, to whom it was afterwards returned to be used in the manufacture of wadding for the car-

tridges used by the army. The main object of this education was to teach the Christian doctrine. This the pupils acquired by rote, repeating it word by word and sentence by sentence after the instructor. Ripalda's *Christian Doctrine* and the Catechism were what the pupils learned first. Reading and writing were matters of secondary importance, and no child started on them until he had stored in his memory the treasures of religion. Usually, the A B C's in reading and writing were begun in the second year, and from then on each pupil's progress in his studies was as slow or as fast as his own inclinations and the limited knowledge of the instructor permitted. In this respect, Vallejo was more fortunate than most of his classmates. Not only did he have a better mind and a greater capacity for learning, but he was full of ambition and made the most of his meager opportunities. The only one of his companions who made an equal use of his opportunities was Juan Bautista Alvarado.

As the students advanced in their studies, they were given such books to read as were recommended by the church, usually having to do with religion. For penmanship exercises, the pupils were made to copy state documents which were to be sent to Mexico. Ordinary discipline was maintained through the liberal use of the master's ferule, but for more serious infractions, such as laughing aloud, running in the street, playing truant, spilling ink, or failing to know their lessons, there was a far more terrible implement of exquisite torture. This was a hempen scourge with a number of cords, to each of which was attached an iron point; a sort of cat-o-nine-tails. Whenever one of the guilty little wretches was caught in the act, he was brought before the inquisitorial master's desk. He was there stripped of his poor shirt, often his only garment, and, stretched face downward upon a bench, with a handkerchief thrust into his mouth as a gag, was lashed by one of the larger pupils, at the command of the teacher, with a dozen or more blows. Not infrequently the iron points cut the skin and blood ran down the little lacerated back; thus not a few Californians bore the scars of learning to their dying day.[8]

The type of school to which Mariano Vallejo went consisted of a long, narrow, badly lighted room, with unadorned walls, save for a huge cross or the picture of some saint, usually the Virgin of Guadalupe, hanging behind the master's head or to one side of his desk. As a general thing, the place was dirty and dilapidated. Along the sides of the room were placed rows of roughly made benches, while at one end was a rude platform upon which was a table or desk covered with a dingy black cloth. Behind this table sat the old soldier of ill-tempered visage and repulsive presence, robed in a greasy dress of fantastic cut. Such a schoolmaster was Miguel Archuleta. As each schoolboy dragged himself into the chilling and forbidding atmosphere of the room, he walked the length of the chamber, knelt before the cross or saint, recited a prayer aloud, and crossed himself. On finishing his devotions, he approached the master and requested the latter's hand. Thereupon, that

dignitary extended his hairy, unkempt paw, with a sort of grunt or bellow, and the pupil kissed it. The boy then tossed his hat upon the heap of other hats in a corner and took his accustomed seat. When the lesson of the day had been assigned, each one began to memorize his by repeating it aloud, thereby producing a bedlam that could be heard a quarter of a league away.[9]

For the penmanship lesson, the master set a copy which the pupil repeated over and over again. When the sheet was completed, the child took it to the teacher, who inspected it minutely while the student quaked and trembled. Should the smallest blot appear, the unfortunate scholar would be bidden to hold out his hand and would thereupon receive a resounding smack of the ferule. The culprit then promised to improve next time and resumed his seat. During the time devoted to inspection of the copies the ferule had little rest.[10]

In this connection Vallejo told a story, in later years, about the first revolt of Californians against the authority of the government. It seems that it was customary in Monterey to allow the boys to go to the beach in order to see the incoming ships. One day about 1818, the vessel *Princesa* arrived. At the time, the elder pupils were completing copies of documents to be sent to Mexico on the ship's return trip. The boys were given the usual permission by the master, but were admonished to put away their copies carefully and to close the hole in the door for the cat as they went out. All the pupils, big and small, tumbled out on the heels of the master, heedless of everything but their anticipated pleasure, and, completely forgetting his instructions, hurried to the shore. There they met Governor Sola, who pleasantly enquired as to the progress the youngsters were making. In due course of time, after the passengers were all ashore, the lads began their slow, unwilling return to school. On entering, their hearts almost stopped beating, for there, to their dismay, were their precious copies scattered all over the room, ink bottles overturned, and most of the manuscripts ruined beyond redemption. In their absence, hens had invaded their hated classroom and wrought havoc among their elaborate copies.

As they began to realize the impending consequences, the whole thing took on the proportions of a major calamity. Hurriedly they picked up the scattered documents and restored things to proper order. In the midst of this work, in walked Archuleta and took the situation in at a glance. With a scowl that was more demoniacal than usual, he ordered the entire class into the torture chamber, an inner apartment with its only door opening into the schoolroom. The pupils obeyed in silence. But when he ordered two of the older boys to hold the first victim while he applied the cat-o-nine-tails, they flatly refused. This bold stand encouraged the rest and they at once barricaded themselves in, while they discussed the next step. The master soon heard the young rebels making plans to seize him, lay him out on the bench and apply the scourge to his back. If well laid on, it might serve as a

reminder to lessen their tortures when again they were the victims. They prepared their concerted action and flung open the door. On seeing the youthful conspirators rushing upon him, the schoolmaster took to his heels and did not stop until he was within the safety of the Presidio gates. There he reported the matter to the commanding officer of the post, who in turn informed the Governor. The kindly old chief at once appointed Sergeant Ignacio Vallejo as commissioner to investigate the matter and punish the rebels if necessary. Poor Mariano Guadalupe must have felt even more frightened than ever when confronted by so uncompromising a commissioner as his own father. But Don Ignacio chose to take a very lenient view of the matter. Since he was enjoying the discomfiture of the schoolmaster, who was a thoroughly disliked man, and he had two sons and a grandson among the rebels, Don Ignacio generously arbitrated the difficulty, on the basis that the documents were to be recopied by the time the vessel was ready to sail on its return voyage. Then he pardoned the culprits on the ground that their excessive joy at the arrival of the *Princesa* had so affected their minds for the moment as to render them irresponsible agents.[11]

Writing about the event some fifty years later, General Vallejo fancied himself in one of the important rôles. But one can hardly imagine a boy scarcely ten years old, no matter how rebellious, being a leader in the deposition of the schoolmaster. The facts of the case may not have been very clear in Vallejo's mind at the time that he wrote them, and he may have thought himself older than he really was.

Not all of Mariano Vallejo's school days were as unpleasant as those described above, however. There was also a brighter side to the picture. Governor Sola took a keen interest in his education and in that of his chums, Juan B. Alvarado and José Castro. These three boys, only a year or two apart in age, were frequently invited to the executive study, where the kindly old Governor spent hours discussing world affairs and historical topics with them. Furthermore, he gave them Mexican newspapers and certain official reports to read. He also presented them with a copy of the Constitution of 1812 and, better yet, a copy of *Don Quixote*. With such stimulus, the three boys widened their education materially. By the time they entered their early teens, their knowledge was far greater than that of any of their companions, even those several years their senior.[12]

Vallejo's interest in an education was widened considerably by the arrival of foreigners after 1820. About the time that he was fourteen years old, in 1822, his studies were helped further by the arrival in Monterey of William Edward P. Hartnell, a merchant who was a linguist of note, and later by such other men as Nathan Spear and David Spence. These men employed Vallejo, Alvarado and other young Californians in their stores as clerks, and it was from them that Vallejo learned to read French, English and Latin, and also became acquainted with arithmetic and bookkeeping. These new studies

opened to him and his companions new fields of thought and an understanding of the great political movements that followed in the wake of the American and French revolutions. Of course, most of the new books, pamphlets and other literature that Vallejo obtained for reading during those years were on the prohibited list of the Church. Nevertheless, he and his companions managed to smuggle them into the country by one means or another, and they were avidly read and passed around from one person to another, until the younger Californians were thoroughly imbued with the new liberal doctrines.[13]

When Vallejo was sixteen years of age, there were three possible careers open to an ambitious boy who did not want to enter the Church. He could take up the profession of arms and raise cattle on the side; he could enter politics, and raise cattle as an avocation; or he could ignore both arms and politics and make cattle raising his profession. The choice was not difficult for Mariano Guadalupe. He entered the Monterey Company as a cadet on January 8, 1824, and began to study to become an officer in the Mexican Army.[14] In this career he was to rise rapidly, and within a few short years was to be rewarded with the highest military rank his native country could offer him.

At the time he entered the military service, though only a lad of sixteen, Vallejo had already acquired the characteristics and formed many of the habits that marked his personality and made him one of the most influential men of his territory. He was full of energy and was independent of spirit. He possessed a fine mind and was eager to seek and acquire knowledge, wherever it might be found. Of proud family and good bearing, he soon became somewhat arrogant and a strict disciplinarian. He was truthful and honest in his dealings with others, and showed no inclination to acquire the intemperate vices to which some of his friends became addicted. He was not as popular with the rest of his young friends as were Juan Alvarado and José Castro, but his opinions always carried much more weight with others than did theirs. Of his courage there can be no doubt, and even in his early years he showed the kindness and generosity of spirit that marked him as a fine host later in life.

Chapter II

EXPLORING FOR PAGAN SOULS

In 1741, Vitus Bering and his hardy crew found their way from Siberia to the Alaska coast. Four years later, the Russians founded their first settlement on the American Continent, which act frightened King Charles III of Spain into sending a colonizing expedition into Upper California in 1769, in an effort to prevent Russian encroachment upon the unoccupied portions of California over which Spain claimed dominion by right of previous discovery.

The Russian advance down the western coast of North America was very slow, however, and sixty years later, in 1805, they were still above 54°40′ north latitude. During the intervening period, the Spanish authorities had had considerable fear of the Russian advance, but as years had gone by and it had failed to materialize, by the end of the Eighteenth Century little thought was given to it.

In 1806, the California authorities had their first contact with the Russian colonies in Alaska, in the visit to San Francisco of Count Nikolai Petrovich Rezánoff and his party on board the *Juno*, for the purpose of buying California grain for the starving Russian colonists in the far Northwest.[1]

The *Juno* entered San Francisco harbor on April 5, 1806, and departed six weeks later, on May 21, laden with the much-needed grain which Rezánoff had finally secured, by hook and by crook, after many difficulties.[2] The story of his love affair with Concepcion Argüello is too well known to be repeated here.

After Rezánoff's return to Sitka, there was no further contact between the Russians in Alaska and the Spaniards in California for several years. Occasionally some otter-hunting expedition came down the coast but did not enter the ports. Nevertheless, Rezánoff, after leaving California, planned to establish trade with this territory on a permanent basis, and also to establish Russian settlements on the northern coast of California and at the mouth of the Columbia River. With these posts as bases of operation, he hoped to extend Russian dominion gradually southward, and eventually to wrest a large part of Upper California from Spain.[3]

Rezánoff managed to induce the director of the Russian American Company, Alexander Baránoff, to take up his scheme, and the latter selected Ivan A. Kuskoff to carry out the plan. Kuskoff sailed from Sitka aboard the *Kadiak* in 1808, to explore the California coast north of the Spanish settlements. He selected Bodega Bay as a likely location for a trading post and returned north after three months, in March, 1809. In February, 1811, Kuskoff again appeared at Bodega Bay aboard the *Chirikoff* and secured a load of furs, as well as the title to the surrounding land, which he bought from the Indians for three blankets, three pairs of breeches, two axes, three hoes, and some beads. Soon after, he returned to Sitka with a formal deed of ownership to the northern coast of California.[4]

In November, 1811, Kuskoff again set out for California, this time with a colony of ninety-five Russians and eighty Aleutian Indians, and arrived at Bodega in the spring of 1812. Very soon after, the colonists discovered that the Bodega site would be difficult to defend, so they moved the settlement to a small inlet eighteen miles to the north. There on a bare strip of tableland they established Fort Ross.[5]

The Russian American Company asked the Tzar for permission to establish the settlement and requested that the Spanish Government should be

notified. But the Russian Government made no effort to secure permission from Spain. In fact Russia proceeded as if Spain had nothing to say in the matter. It simply informed the company that it might make whatever commercial arrangement it could and that it was at liberty to found a settlement on its own account, relying on the protection of the Government.[6]

During the summer of 1812, the Spaniards made the surprising discovery that the Russians had settled at Ross. Lieutenant Gabriel Moraga was sent with a party of seven soldiers to investigate. After making enquiries and ascertaining that the Russians wished to establish trade relations with the Spanish settlements, he returned to San Francisco and reported to the Governor at Monterey.

Lieutenant Moraga made two subsequent trips to Fort Ross, and informed the Russians that they were not wanted and were forbidden to enter Spanish ports. The Russians, however, refused to obey the instructions and continued to expand their fur-trapping, farming, and commercial activities. Thereafter, the Spaniards sent repeated protests every year to the Russian commanders at Fort Ross, ordering them to abandon the settlements and retire to Alaska. Since those demands were never backed by military force, the Russians simply ignored them and continued their activities on the California coast.[7]

For the first three or four years of the Russian advance into California, the Spanish authorities in California, Mexico, and to a certain extent even in Spain, were considerably perturbed, and much correspondence passed between them concerning the establishment of an adequate defence against this new danger.[8]

By 1817, however, much of the Spanish fear concerning the Russians had passed, and although they still protested against the latter's establishments, they did nothing about it. As the years went by, less and less was said or done by the Spaniards and Mexicans, until the Russians finally abandoned their settlements in California and peaceably and quietly withdrew to Alaska in 1841.

Meanwhile, mission affairs in San Francisco had not been proceeding so well. The mortality among the Indians at that Mission had become alarming, and there was danger that there might be a panic. Thereupon, Governor Sola suggested that some of the neophytes might be transferred across the bay as a remedy. A few were sent over as an experiment, and benefited greatly in health. The Father President at first, while approving Sola's plan, hesitated to transfer part of the Mission formally, because he had no friars to send there and because communication would be difficult. But when several Christian Indians died at the new site without religious aid, Father Luis Gil y Taboada, who had lately come from Mission Purisima, consented to take charge of the branch establishment. Mission San Rafael was thus established by Fathers Abella, Narciso Durán, Luis Taboada, and Vicente Sarria, on December 14, 1817.[9] Here we have the true reason for the founding of

Mission San Rafael, rather than those suggested by Russian and American writers, namely that the movement was in opposition to the Russian occupation of New Albion. One California writer has even stated that the friars moved the Mission across the bay because they wished to be nearer Ross as a convenient market.[10]

San Rafael at first was only a branch of Mission San Francisco, attended by a supernumerary friar from the latter. It had only a chapel instead of a church, but there was no difference in the method of managing it. During the years that followed it prospered to some extent, but at no time would it have been a serious obstacle to the Russians, had they contemplated or attempted to extend their settlements into the interior of California north of San Francisco Bay.

As development at San Rafael continued during the first five years, Mission San Francisco declined rapidly. In 1822, at a conference between Canon Agustin Fernandez, Commissioner to California from Mexico, Father Prefect Mariano Payeras and Governor Luis Argüello, the matter of transferring Mission San Francisco to the northeastern shore of San Francisco Bay was discussed, but no decision was reached at the time.[11] That move had been contemplated because of the sterility of the San Francisco site, the insalubrity of the climate, and the decline in the number of new conversions. The pagan frontier was already beyond the bay, and though there was no idea of founding a new mission, the transfer of the old one promised a broadening field for conversions in the north, as was evident by the success of the branch at San Rafael.[12]

After the conference the matter was dropped. It was brought up again, however, early in 1823, before Father Payeras' death, but he dropped the subject and had no more to do with it.

At that time, Mission San Francisco was under the management of a young, inexperienced friar, Father José Altimira, thirty-three years of age, who had arrived in California on August 18, 1820. He had come to California burning with religious zeal to go to the frontier and convert the heathen. When he found himself assigned to San Francisco, one of the oldest Missions, from which the frontier had already receded to the north, where there was little opportunity to make conversions, and, in fact, a mission that in his eyes was unattractive, unhealthful, and already declining, he was very unhappy. He craved and had come to see action. But in San Francisco there was no action; only indolence, sterility, and decay.[13]

When Father Altimira heard of the conference to transfer his Mission to the north, he became very enthusiastic over the prospect, and was keenly disappointed when the matter was dropped. Consequently, on March 23, 1823, probably instigated by Governor Argüello, Altimira drew up a memorial urging the transfer of Mission San Francisco, and had it presented to the territorial legislature at Monterey in April.[14]

Of course the legislature had no legal right to decide when, how, or where new missions should be established. That was a matter entirely in the hands of the College of San Fernando in Mexico. Nevertheless, on April 9, the legislature voted in favor of the transfer. It was ordered that the branch Mission of San Rafael should be joined to San Francisco again, and transferred with it. Furthermore, the suggestion was made that the new site should be selected in the country of the Petalumas or in that of the Canicaimos. The next day Governor Argüello forwarded copies of the resolutions to Mexico.[15]

Meanwhile, Prefect Mariano Payeras had been taken seriously ill in February, and was now on his deathbed. Early in April he appointed as his successor, his associate, the President and Vice-Prefect, Father José Francisco de Paula Señan. Father Altimira then forwarded copies of the legislature's resolutions to the new Prefect on April 30, 1823, but received no reply.[16]

Father Juan Amorós of San Rafael soon after heard that his post was to be suppressed, so, on May 17, he addressed a protest to Governor Argüello against the transfer. He pointed out that he was feeding, clothing and instructing eight hundred Indian converts, and declared that the suppression was unreasonable and unjust. Furthermore, the late Father Prefect, during his visit there on October 19, 1822, had decreed that San Rafael should be independent from San Francisco in everything.

On the other hand, Father Altimira did not wait to receive the approval of the Father President, now that Father Payeras had passed away. He organized an exploring party to look over the country between the Suisunes and Petalumas, which as yet was practically unknown, since the Spaniards had never visited some parts of it. Along with Father Altimira went Deputy Francisco Sanchez and an armed escort of nineteen men.[17]

The party crossed from San Francisco to the Marin shore on June 25, 1823, and spent the night at San Rafael. The next day they began to explore the country for a favorable site, both Sanchez and Altimira keeping diaries of their journey.

From San Rafael they went north five leagues to Olompoli, where they arrived at 9:00 A.M. and halted for lunch and a siesta. They continued their journey at 3:00 P.M., going north and around the head of the creek at a point called Chocuay, where the town of Petaluma now stands, on to a little brook called the Lema, arriving at 7:00 P.M. There on the plain of the Petalumas they killed a bear and passed the night, in company with eight or ten pagan Indians of the Libantiloyomi.

On June 27, they set out from Lema at six in the morning and, exploring the plain to the east, found extensive and fertile lands that would require irrigation for certain crops during the summer. Then they explored the hills to the northeast, for some six miles, but found nothing useful except oak

groves. Several small lakes covered with tules were also found. Continuing in the same direction, they soon found a large lake named Tolay, for the chief of the Indians who had lived there formerly. It was a quarter of a league in length and about a quarter of a league wide. The water was fresh, and the hills about it were covered with grass, so it was a good spot for stock raising.[18] This was probably back of the modern Lakeville. From there they proceeded northeast again until they came to the plain called Sonoma, named for the Indian tribe which formerly occupied it. Since it seemed a desirable location, they camped there at 10:00 A.M. to make a more thorough examination. That afternoon they left their mounts and equipment, guarded by a soldier and several Christian Indians, and surveyed the plain to the northwest on foot. They discovered a small, clear, stream suitable for drinking, running from a thick growth of trees. Following the same direction, they traversed a grove of great oak trees, extending three leagues from east to west and one and a half leagues from north to south. Soon they found a larger stream with abundant water, that ran from the west to the east and irrigated the middle of the valley. This stream ran into Sonoma Creek, which flows from east to west. The remainder of the day was spent in examining this section, where there were many springs and firewood in quantity was available in the mountains. Furthermore, grass-lands, forests and several kinds of building stone were close at hand. At 8:00 P.M. the explorers returned to camp.

After breakfast on the fourth day, the party set out about seven o'clock in the morning, leaving the camp where it was and the barge in Sonoma Creek a quarter of a league away, to explore a portion of the valley that they had been unable to inspect the previous day. They climbed a small hill on the east side about a quarter of a league from the creek. From its top they saw the entire plain, the creek, the bay and its encircling hills to the east and west. They also found that the temperature was eleven degrees warmer than at Mission San Francisco. Every plant and tree bore witness to the mildness of Sonoma's climate. Further observation revealed that large areas of land could be cultivated and that the barge could land near a place where buildings might be erected. On enquiring from the Indians, they learned that the creek contained an abundance of fish. From all these facts it was decided that Sonoma was a very suitable locality in which to found a mission. Returning to camp they rested and lunched, after which they continued their explorations to improve their knowledge of the country.

The following four days were given over to exploration, and on the ninth day, at 6:00 A.M., the party began their return to Sonoma, and arrived in that valley before night. They made for some hills which shelter the valley from the southerly winds near the point of the creek. In the valley, a quarter of a league before reaching a rill of clear water which they had been informed ran down from the hills and emptied into the creek, they found a small pond

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of fresh water, overgrown with tules, muddy but good to drink. This lake was about fifty yards square. Some five hundred yards further on, there was another pond of fresh drinkable water. They made note of all this as they traveled along the hills towards the creek until they arrived at the spring of which they had been told. Instead of coming from the hills, however, the spring was at their foot, and it was found that by a little excavation it could be made to produce about six inches of good fresh water for irrigating, washing, tanning, etc., but not for drinking, because it was always lukewarm. One of the Christian Indians, whose rancheria had been only some twenty yards from the spring, told the Spaniards that to his knowledge the spring never went dry. The pagans always drank the water, and the party used it for drinking and cooking during the twenty-four hours of their stay on the spot. They felt sure that with the spring and the ponds a quarter of a league away, the place would be satisfactory. Furthermore, about five hundred yards to the rear there was another abundant source of very clear, fresh water. Finally, there were so many springs and ponds around the place that they got tired of seeing them. This, in addition to having a barge anchorage only five hundred yards away, a fine view, timber not more than two leagues away over a level road, abundant firewood at hand, limestone only a short league away, all the advantages for raising stock at Petaluma, where a ranch would also help to civilize the pagans in that vicinity, and all other agreeable circumstances connected with the place, caused Father Altimira, Deputy Francisco Castro, and Second Lieutenant Don José Sanchez, who commanded the troops, to agree to found the mission at once. They made that decision about 10:00 A.M.; then they set out for a small stream a half league away, where they made camp.

About three o'clock that afternoon, they moved camp to the spot agreed upon for the site of the Mission. Later on they explored a range of hills back of the site, overlooking the bay. They selected a place on top for a lookout from which all traffic by water might be observed. They also noticed some land where horses might graze, some flats where corn, watermelons, squash, beans and other produce might be raised. At nightfall the party returned to camp, resolved to plant the Holy Cross on the spot the following day.[19]

The tenth day of the expedition was July 4, 1823, and a festive occasion for all its members. The men arose at 6:00 A.M.; a field altar was erected, and a cross nineteen feet tall and eight feet across was made of redwood. It was blessed by Father Altimira, who also sprinkled holy water over the site where the Mission buildings were to rise. Then where the former pagan rancheria had been they planted the cross. At the moment that the symbol of redemption was erected, the soldiers fired a volley. Father Altimira and the neophytes sang verses of the *Pangue lingua* etc., and *Crux fidelis*, in adoration of the Holy Cross. The imposing sacrifice of the Mass was then celebrated as an act of gratitude, every man of the expedition taking part

in it. Then a sermon was preached, followed by the singing of the *Te Deum Laudamus,* and the ceremony terminated by the firing of volleys of musketry. It was eight o'clock in the morning when the ceremony ended. Then it was announced to all that, henceforth and thereafter, this site was to be known as New San Francisco.

After the rites, the party partook of a feast, and about 2:00 P. M. they started their return journey. Mission San Francisco Solano, on the site of the town-to-be of Sonoma, had been founded.[20]

Chapter III

GROWTH OF MISSION SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO

Although Father Altimira and his exploring party had performed the founding ceremony, Mission San Francisco Solano as yet was by no means a reality. Supplies had to be secured and brought to the spot, buildings must be erected, livestock acquired, and pagan Indians converted and trained to do the necessary work.

Keeping those things in mind, the explorers set out that very afternoon for San Francisco. By six o'clock that evening they had traveled six long leagues to Olompali, where they spent the night.

On the eleventh day, July 5, they started at six o'clock for San Rafael, where they arrived at half-past nine that same morning. There they remained the rest of the day waiting for the barge, which had left Sonoma before the land party but had been forced to anchor off Point San Pedro, three leagues from San Rafael, because of a southwest wind. There it stayed until daybreak of July 6.

About 5:00 A.M. of July 6, the barge passed San Rafael on her oars, steering for Point Tiburon. At that moment, Father Altimira and the others were saying Mass, after which they breakfasted and departed at 7:30 A.M. They arrived at Point Tiburon at ten o'clock and embarked at about half-past eleven; but due to calms it was not until 4:00 P.M. that they arrived at the beach in front of the Presidio of San Francisco and landed. There they were given a fine welcome at the door of the post commander's house.[1]

It will be remembered that Father Altimira had set out on his expedition at the instigation of Governor Argüello, but without the knowledge or consent of the Father President and Prefect. On returning from his illegal undertaking, Father Altimira at once wrote the prelate a personal letter, on July 10, and began his official report, which he sent on July 16, 1823.[2]

Father President José Señan was amazed and highly displeased at the summary and highhanded way in which the Assembly had taken upon itself to found a mission by the suppression of an old one, without consulting the Mexican Government. Furthermore, he was astounded at the audacity of the youthful Father Altimira. On his deathbed, on August 14, he transferred the

prefect's office to Father Vicente Sarria, and in his instructions he stated that he considered the transfer of Mission San Francisco as striking at authority. However, he left Father Sarria free to do what he thought proper in the circumstances.[3]

Meanwhile, Governor Argüello, seeing that nothing further had been done towards establishing the Mission, wrote to Altimira enquiring about the delay in transferring Mission San Francisco. The latter replied that it was impossible to begin operations without the Indians from San Rafael, for those in San Francisco were not numerous enough. At a conference with the Governor at Monterey, Altimira was advised not to wait for the prelate's orders but to make a beginning at once. The Friar returned to San Francisco, and Governor Argüello, on August 4, notified President Señan, Father Amorós of San Rafael, and Lieutenant Ignacio Martinez at San Francisco, of the action that was about to be taken.[4]

As soon as he received Argüello's letter, Altimira, without waiting for his superior's permission, on August 12, accompanied by Lieutenant Martinez, crossed the bay, took possession of Mission San Rafael's property by inventory and returned to San Francisco. After some days of preparation, he set out for Sonoma on August 23, with an escort of twelve men, with five hundred cartridges, and an artilleryman to operate a two-pounder. He also took a large group of Indian laborers. Arriving at New San Francisco on August 25, 1823, they set to work at once on a granary, irrigation ditch, corrals, and other necessary structures. For a week the work made good progress, then on August 31, Altimira received a letter from Prefect Sarria which brought things to a halt for the time being.[5]

Meanwhile, President Señan became quite indignant at the actions of Argüello and Altimira. But being about to die, he turned the matter over to Father Sarria. The new Prefect set out from Mission Soledad for San Juan Bautista, where he consulted Fathers Estévan Tapis and Narciso Durán. From there Sarria wrote to Altimira, on August 23, a rather pointed note, saying in part:

> I have learned with regret what Your Reverence has done in attempting to found the new Mission San Francisco. By order of the Rev. Fr. President José Señan . . . who is grievously ill . . . I shall have to act in his behalf according to his circular. . . . Nevertheless, I have not wished to take any steps until the subject was discussed according to our regulations. For this purpose several fathers and I have assembled to-day at this mission. By their judgment as well as mine, I say that Your Reverence is not lawfully authorized to undertake the founding of a mission, and that consequently you expose the spiritual functions of your ministry to nullification, because the powers that we have are *in locis a suis superioribus assignatis*. Such is the declaration of the Bull of Pius V, on this point. Your Reverence cannot defend your action with the alleged will of the late Rev. Fr. Prefect, God rest his soul, which did not touch the present transaction of designating time and place, nor did it extend to the topographic site of the founding, or the sending of Your Reverence to such a distant place without an associate, contrary to canonical and civil laws and in opposition to

the statutes of our Apostolic College. I do not know that there is among the fathers one who approves of your actions. It will cause much grief at our College when it is informed about the matter. My dear Father, no one perhaps will surpass me in zeal for extending the glory of the Holy Name of the Lord by means of the light of the Holy Gospel; but Your Reverence knows that this zeal must be *secundum scientiam.* If it must be against charity and its sweet fruit, peace, then let us put it aside or at least postpone it, the former for the sake of the latter, which is more necessary.[6]

This stinging rebuke arrived at Sonoma on August 31, and found the young and energetic Padre Altimira in the midst of his labors. This note from his superior, which virtually was an order to stop the founding of the Mission, was like a thunderbolt out of the blue to the Friar. It never seemed to have occurred to the impetuous minister that as a member of the Franciscan Order he was under very strict rules, and that serious undertakings, such as the founding of a mission, were governed by long established customs. He had completely ignored the fact that consultation with and securing permission from his superiors, his college, and the Government were the first steps in the founding of a mission.

When that truth dawned upon him, he stopped the work, but he was furious with what he considered righteous indignation. While still in that fit of temper, he wrote a letter to Governor Argüello. In it he complained bitterly of the treatment he had received, and of the "frivolous difficulties" and obstacles which one of the fathers, with the aid of confederates, had placed in his way. He claimed that Father Durán and others were allies of the devil and that President Sarria seemed to be one of the plotters. In conclusion he said:

I wish to know whether the assembly has any authority in this province or not, and if these men can overthrow Your Honor's wise provisions. I came here to convert pagans and to establish new missions. If I can not do it here, which as we all agree is the best spot in California for the purpose, I will leave the country.[7]

Ordinarily such gross insubordination on the part of a junior friar would have meant his prompt dismissal from California, and perhaps disciplinary measures taken by his college. But at that time there was a great shortage of friars here, so Father Altimira could not be spared. Therefore President Sarria chose to overlook the false accusations of his subordinate and assumed a conciliatory attitude.

In a long letter to Governor Argüello, written September 5 from San Juan Bautista, Fray Sarria refuted all the assumptions of Argüello and Altimira. He also pointed out that according to the law the prelate and not the territorial legislature still had the authority to found or move missions. Furthermore, Father Altimira had no authority to change the site from Petaluma, originally selected, to New San Francisco. He added that he was sure that neither Father Payeras nor Señan would have approved the haste and violence with which the transfer was effected; and that although Father Altimira may not have acted in bad faith, still too much weight could not be given to his statements unsupported by his prelate and associates. Finally, though

all the friars were eager to see the pagans converted, they wished it done in an orderly manner.[8]

Governor Argüello made no attempt to answer Sarria's arguments in detail, on September 17, because from his viewpoint it did not matter what the prefect or padres thought or approved. He took the ground that the assembly was acting for the public good in the matter and that its decree should be carried out. Furthermore, during fifty years the missionaries had done nothing to convert the pagans north of the bay, and so now the secular authorities proposed to take charge of the matter and really do something about it. Therefore, the new establishment would be sustained with its guard under a majordomo, and if Father Altimira was refused permission to attend to the Mission, the matter would be reported to Mexico.[9]

After considerable correspondence during September and October, the parties reached a compromise. New San Francisco was to be continued as a mission, with Father Altimira as its regular minister, subject to the approval of the college. But neither old San Francisco nor San Rafael was to be suppressed, and Altimira would continue as associate minister of the former. Neophytes might be transferred voluntarily from San Francisco, San José, or San Rafael, provided they had originally lived in the Sonoma region. Also the Indians from San Rafael would have the privilege of returning to that Mission any time within a year. New converts might be attracted from any direction to the mission they preferred, but no force was to be used to get them.[10]

Father Altimira returned to Sonoma as soon as the compromise was effected and took up mission construction where he had left off some weeks before. Nevertheless, he was soon confronted by numerous difficulties. He accused Father Durán and other friars in neighboring missions of trickery, spreading false rumors of pagan attacks on Sonoma, and other shady methods of keeping Christian Indians away from his Mission. Furthermore, his establishment was not receiving the customary aid from the old ones. The friar at San Francisco was disposed to retain all church property of any value. He also found that a larger military force would be necessary on that frontier, in order to inspire respect on the part of the pagans. Finally, Altimira found that the neophytes had too much liberty in choosing their residence, consequently they were inclined to change their minds too often. He found it difficult to build a mission when his laborers were always going off to live elsewhere, whenever a particularly hard task presented itself. But in spite of these troubles, the young Friar found his establishment making some progress.[11]

By spring, the first structures were ready for occupancy. These consisted of a granary, the missionaries' house, and seven houses for families, all built of wood. On April 4, 1824, Passion Sunday, Father Altimira proudly dedicated his church. It was a very crude affair, temporary in nature, but it was

the symbol of religious development on the northern frontier. This rude temple was a 24 by 105 foot structure, built of whitewashed boards, but well furnished and decorated within. Many of the articles were gifts from the Russians at Fort Ross, a rather friendly gesture from a people who had been so feared by the Spanish and Mexican nations.[12]

On its dedication, April 4, the Mission was christened San Francisco Solano, after the famous apostle to Peru, and thereafter it was known by that name. The transfer of San Francisco de Asis to Sonoma was forgotten. Thus happily did Fr. José Altimira perform the dedicatory service, with his neophytes around him singing and praying as the program called for, and the soldiers in full array, standing in the background, somewhat uncomfortably doing their part. It was a proud moment for the inexperienced Friar who was trying to tame a wilderness. Five hundred Indians were then under his care, and sixty-nine of those were living at the Mission. As Father Altimira faced his sizable congregation to pronounce the benediction, his satisfaction must have been great indeed. His church was well furnished. Around the walls were three crosses with candles over them. In the sanctuary stood a well-built altar, and above it hung a canvas painting of San Francisco Solano which had been donated by the Father President. Furthermore, the Mission had been promised a relic of the patron saint, to be put on the altar.[13]

Under the energetic supervision of Fray Altimira, ranches for his Mission were established as far east as Suisun, which were to take care of the herds and flocks. Also during 1824, the building activities included a large adobe structure 30 by 120 feet, and seven feet high, roofed with tiles, with a corridor extending the full length of it. This was completed, and two other buildings were made ready for roofing. Unfortunately the rains set in before the work was finished. It was a wet season and the new structures dissolved into heaps of mud. A loom was set up to weave cloth for the Indians; a large garden plot, fenced with willow posts, was planted with 300 fruit trees; and a vineyard was set out with more than 1000 vines. As the months passed by, the cattle increased to 1,100 head, and the horses to 400; while the sheep numbered several thousand. All these animals were watched over at the various mission ranches by Indian herdsmen. Even the Christian Indians had increased to 693 by the close of 1824. It looked as if San Francisco Solano would be one of the richest of the missions.

In spite of its good beginning and bright outlook, Mission San Francisco Solano did not fulfill its promise after the second year. The first blow fell in 1826. Soon after a bumper crop was harvested, the natives began to show signs of restlessness and hostility. Suddenly, the savages fell upon the unsuspecting Mission. In a few minutes, Father Altimira saw the dream which he had turned into reality after three years of hard labor vanish before his eyes. The Indians sacked and burned it and within a few short hours the Mission was in ruins. The few soldiers stationed there could offer little effective re-

sistance, so, with Father Altimira and some of the neophytes, they barely escaped with their lives. They retreated to San Rafael, and from there crossed over to San Francisco. Fray Altimira was now a brokenhearted man, and asked to be transferred to Santa Barbara. There he remained until January, 1828, when in company with Father Ripoll of San Buenaventura, he stole aboard the American brig *Harbinger*, and sailed for Spain.[14]

All was not lost in the Indian uprising, however. Father Buenaventura Fortuni was assigned to rebuild Mission Solano, after the tide of savage fury had receded. Temporary structures were erected. Livestock of different kinds was donated by the other missions to form the nucleus of new flocks and herds. Ten neophytes returned and crops were planted. By 1830, all the evil effects of the destructive blow of 1826 had been overcome and, although the creator of the Mission was gone, his work lived after him. Also, in 1830, Father Fortuni was transferred to one of the southern missions. His place was taken by Fr. José de Jesus Maria Gutierrez. Under him more permanent buildings were erected to replace the temporary ones, and the acreage of cultivated lands was greatly increased. During the years that Father Gutierrez was in charge, the Mission prospered greatly.[15]

It reached its maximum productivity in 1832, at which time it possessed 3,500 head of cattle, 5,000 head of sheep and goats, 500 pigs, and 725 horses. The crops also increased, and that year the yield was 3,260 bushels of grain. Outposts and ranches, where the stock was kept, were established at Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Napa and Suisun.

By that year also, the total number of baptisms was 1,315, the deaths 651, and the Mission had a maximum population of 996. These Indians were converted from some thirty-five different neighboring tribes: the Aloquiomi, Atenomac, Canoma, Carquin, Canijolmano, Caymus, Chemoco, Chichoyomi, Chocuyem, Coyayomi, Huilca, Huymen, Lacatiut, Loaquiomi, Linayto, Locnoma, Mayacma, Muticolmo, Malaca, Napato, Oleomi, Putah, Polnomanoc, Paque, Petaluma, Suisun, Satayomi, Soneto, Tolen, Tlayacma, Tamal, Topayto, Ululato, Utinomanoc, and Zaclom.[16]

By 1833, Mission San Francisco Solano gave promise of being one of the wealthiest in California. In 1834, Father Gutierrez was transferred to one of the other missions, and about that time the Mexican Government decided that the mission system had become outworn and decreed that all of the California missions should be secularized.[17]

(To be continued)

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

1. Helen Putnam Van Sicklen, "The Life and Times of General M. G. Vallejo," *Quarterly* of the Society of California Pioneers, IX (Sept., 1932), 151.
2. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California,* V, 756.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.,* II, 226-41.
6. M. G. Vallejo, *Historia de California,* MS, I, 182-204. The author gives a full account of the events and his impressions and reactions to the unwarranted attack.
7. H. H. Bancroft, *California Pastoral,* pp. 495-509, gives a long discussion of the schools and the methods of instruction as well as the discipline maintained.
8. Vallejo, *op. cit.,* I, 127-35, gives details of his schooling. Also L. Lothrop, "The Noblest Roman," *Touring Topics,* XXIII (Feb., 1931), 36-37.
9. Vallejo, *op. cit.,* pp. 129-35.
10. Bancroft, *California Pastoral,* pp. 502-3.
11. Vallejo, *op. cit.,* pp. 127-35; Bancroft, *op. cit.,* pp. 504-8; Lothrop, *op. cit.,* pp. 36-37.
12. C. Gutherie, General Vallejo's Home, California Historical Landmark Series, MS, No. 4, pp. 4-5; Bancroft, *op. cit.,* pp. 500-1.
13. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* pp. 505-25.
14. Van Sicklen, *op. cit.,* pp. 143-59.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. H. H. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.,* II, 58-78.
2. G. H. von Langsdorff, *Voyages and Travels in Various Parts of the World, 1803-1807,* II, 172-86.
3. P. N. Rezanoff to Zapiski, New Archangel, Feb. 15, 1806; Bancroft, *op. cit.,* p. 80.
4. E. O. Essig, "The Russian Settlement at Ross," California Historical Society *Quarterly,* XII (Sept., 1933), 191.
5. G. Tays, Revolutionary California, MS, p. 498, Ph.D. thesis, Univ. of Calif., 1932.
6. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* p. 82.
7. Essig, *op. cit.,* pp. 191-209; Bancroft, *op. cit.,* pp. 294-320; T. H. Hittell, *History of California,* I, 622-30.
8. California Archives: Provincial State Papers, MS, XIX, XX; Provincial Records, MS, IX; Provincial State Papers, Benicia, Military, MS, XLV, XLVI; Departmental State Papers, Benicia, Military, MS, LXXXVII; and J. Guerra, *Documentos para la Historia de California,* MS, III, IV, V; Vallejo, *Documentos para la Historia de California,* MS, IV; all have numerous letters from King, Viceroy, and Governor, on the subject.
9. Fr. Z. Engelhardt, *Missions and Missionaries of California,* III, 30-31.
10. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* 329-30; J. Fernandez, *Cosas de California,* MS, p. 86, Bancroft Library.
11. Engelhardt, *op. cit.,* p. 175.
12. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* p. 496.
13. C. Gutherie, Mission San Francisco Solano, California Historical Landmark Series, MS, No. 3, pp. 2-3.
14. Engelhardt, *op. cit.,* p. 176.
15. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* pp. 490-91.
16. *Ibid.,* p. 497.
17. Engelhardt, *op. cit.,* p. 178.
18. Fr. J. Altimira, "Journal of the Expedition Made to Examine the Sites for the Founding of the New Mission San Francisco of Upper California," *Hutching's California Magazine,* V (Aug., 1860), 58-59, trans. by A. S. Taylor.
19. *Ibid.,* V (Sept., 1860), 117-18.
20. *Ibid.,* p. 118.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

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12. A. M. Cleaveland, The North Bay Shore During the Spanish and Mexican Régimes, MS, M.A. thesis, p. 79, Univ. of Calif.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 80-81.
14. J. P. Monro-Fraser, *History of Sonoma County*, p. 45.
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WILLIAM ALEXANDER TRUBODY

and the

OVERLAND PIONEERS OF 1847

By Charles L. Camp

INTRODUCTION

William Alexander Trubody was the oldest and one of the last of the Napa pioneers. His excellent memory extended back to the great flood on the Missouri River in 1843, and he recollected well his overland trip to California in 1847 and life in San Francisco before the gold rush.

I had the pleasure of meeting him nine years ago and enjoyed numerous conversations and trips with him to historical landmarks in the region of his Napa home. After some urging he wrote out an account of his early life. This and the record of his conversations form the substance of the present narrative.

"Uncle Billy," as he was affectionately called, was a true representative of the overland pioneers. Associated from an early age with George Yount, Sam Brannan, Joseph B. Chiles, Edward Bale, Cayetano Juarez, Charlie Hopper, the Grigsbys, the Boggses, the Pattons, the Starks, the Yorks, the Mecombs, the Clymans, and many others, he grew up with the spirit of early California in his veins. His manner of speech, his quaint humor and philosophy, reflected this and have been preserved in his narrative and conversations.

In his extreme age, William Trubody was slight and frail, but with a surprising agility and spryness for one of ninety. It was a treat to see him hop over a fence, or jump out of his chair when excited. He always tried to give accurate answers to questions. His judgment of character was shrewd and penetrating. His remembrance of events was somewhat better than of personalities, and, as usual in the aged, his recollections of boyhood were more vivid than those of his later life. Mr. Frank Trubody, of Napa, has been generous in giving his time and assistance in helping to obtain this, his father's story.

William A. Trubody died on March 17, 1933, in his ninety-fourth year, and was buried beside his wife, Lura Grigsby, in the cemetery of Tulocay at Napa. He was a last link with the epic period of California history.

WILLIAM A. TRUBODY'S NARRATIVE

1808 My Father John Trubody was born Oct. 14th 1808 near Plyomouth Cornwall England My Mother whose maiden name was Jane Palmer [was]

WILLIAM ALEXANDER TRUBODY

LURA GRIGSBY TRUBODY

Reproduced through the courtesy of their nephew, Mr. F. E. Trubody

born April 13th 1811 near Launceston Cornwall England Farthers Parents died before he was six years old he being one of a family of Six. three boys & three girls by gving security for others his Father was broken up & died poor leaving his family to strugle along as best they could. Father learned the carpenters trade and worked at it when he could find employment.[1] soon after becoming of age he concluded that he would come to Amerca, where the outlook seemed to be better for a poor man to make a living. finding a vessel at Plymouth aboud to sail for Canada he bought a ticket & after an uneventful voyage landed at Quebec.[2] after staying there a short time he concluded to come to the United States his first stopping place being Philadelphia After working awhile there [he] went to a little town known as Stockport on the Deleware river. The N. Y & Erie Rail Road was at that time being constructed & [he] found work for a short time helping to build a couple of culverts for the Rail Road Co in the mean time a party named Preston who owned a large tract of land on the Pennsylvania side of the Deleware River wanted to do a lot of wark, building a saw mill & a couple of houses for the farm help to live in with the aid of the farm help these buildings were constructed. he stayed with the Prestons ab[o]ut a year & then returned to England[3] got married & soon after[4] started back to Amirica with my mother as his bride this was a long & tiresome trip taking near eleven moths on a vessel loaded with iron, ran short of provisions and for sometime were put on allowance finally reached Philadelphie the vessel badly listed the cargo having shifted & they were afraid the vessal would turn over from Philadelphia they went to Wayne Co where he obtained naturalization papers 1836. In 1837 the family consisting of Father & Mother & one child, my brother Josiah then about one year old, started west going down the Ohio river to its intersection with the Mississippi then up that river to the Missouri River which they ascended as far as Lexington Lafayette co Missouri. Not far from Lexinton they settled in a little town known as Dover[5] here they lived ten years Father warking at his trade when his heath permitted. Every year both he & Mother suffered with the chills & fever very prevalent there in those days when the country was being settled up, said to be coused by breaking up of so much virgin soil & decaying vegetation. They determined to hunt a healthier climate if they could find it.

One day a man came along & asked to stay all night.[6] during their conversation that evening the question came up where would they find a heathier climate. this person said he had lived both in Oregon & California & he much preferred California. it was not so cold or wet & the soil equally as rich. His talk was so favorable to California that both Father & Mother concluded to get ready and in the spring start for California. with this in view he hired a helper & the two built a wagon & the local blacksmith did the iron work. this done he bought four yoke of oxen, sold his little home,

procured provisions for the trip & about the first of may 1847 started for California the family consisting of Father & Mother, my Brother Josiah & myself. my Brother being between eleven & twenve years old & I near 8 years. The first day we reached Lexinton 12 miles from our hometown, Dover. here we stayed several days waiting for some friends who were coming to California also, upon their arrival we all started for Independence 50 miles distant, two days travel, here we all remained camped for 4 or 5 days waiting for the company to form which consisted of some thirty or more wagons & about 100 persons old & young[7] This being the last town in Missouri, the Kaw river separating that state from the Indian teritory as known at that time. This town was also the outfitting place for all travel to Santa Fee & New Mexico. The company elected a captain an old mountaineer[8] who had been over the road before, the order was given to roll out, this being really the beginning of the long & tedious trip of near two thousand miles with ox teams, some days making 30 miles & others not more than 15 or 20 miles according to the condition of roads. some days we would be travelling all day through sand & at other times over rough mountaineous sections where considerable work had to be done before the wagons could pass over them & the river banks cut down so the teams could get in & out of the streams. we only had to ferry the wagons across 2 rivers the Kaw & Big Blue all others we forded sometimes propping up wagon beds almost to the tops of the wagon standards. Green river was the most dangerous; it being deep & very swift the oxen having to swim a short distance in the middle of the stream here the teams were doubled so the leaders could get a firm footing & help the rest across

After crossing the Kaw river the company struck out across the country in the direction of the Platt river sometimes the weather was pleasant & at others rainy & disagreeable we encountered many Indians but none were troublesome, if I except their desire to steal anything that took their fancy[9] Arriving at Platt River we met a train of emigrants, some bound for Oregon & some for California but the greater number headed for Oregon.[10]

California at that time still being claimed by Mexico, not many cared to come to California on account of the insetted condition of the relations between Mexico & the United States. While ascending the Platt our train numbered 100 wagons & about 4 Hundred persons about half of them being Women & children this number of persons & wagons was soon found to be unweildy so they made two trains about an equal number of wagons in each train, one train about a days travel ahead of the other. This arrangement being better both for camping & for caring for stok. travel up the Platt was easy going most of the way sometimes we travelled through deep sand for miles which made it hard on the teams but feed being plentiful for the stock we made good time almost every day. we saw some Indians but no white people [except other emigrants] till we reached fort Laramie

where the goverment had a few soldiers stationed to keep the Indians quiet so they would not molest the emigrants bound for Oregon & California stayed there two (&) or three days to rest up the teams & give the women folks a chance to do some washing of clothes & arrange things generally for convenience around camp. soon after leaving Laramie we met a band of Sioux Indians said to number near eight (8) hundred going down to fight the Pawnees (Indians) these tribes were enemies & often had war with each other. the Sioux's were larger people than the Pawnees & the weapons being clubs & bows & arrows they were always victors & eventually just about anihilated the pawnees. when the scouts or outriders as they were then called saw the Indians coming they gave orders for all the men to get their guns & be ready to fight off the Indians. but the Indians made signs that they were friendly & got out pipes took a whif or two & then passed to the whites the pipes to show that they were frienly. one evening about sundown & buffalo bull came near the camp. Jumpte in the river & waded across to a large band feeding on the opposide side & [a] couple of men got their guns & took a shot or two as they passed but the buffalo paid no attention to the shooting, but went right along across the river the guns of those days were of small caliber & would not penetrate the thick hides of the buffalo only in certain places where the hair was thin. that evening some small children of the company were playing along the bank of the river when one of them fell in & one of the others tried to help her out but was herself pulled in by the other, the others commenced to cry & holler a couple of men ran up from camp jumped in & carried them out none the worse for the ducking except the fright it gave them. this gave the camp something to talk about for a day or two.

While assending the Platt we passed the notorious land mark known as chimney rock which we could see for a day before we reached it. Years afterwads sometime during the fifties some thirty odd feet fell off the top; owing to the severe wind & rain storms frequently experienced in that section. this put an end to its being known as a land mark as there were several other high peaks in the same vacinity but none as high as chimney rock.[11] We traveled up the north Platt for days & then up sweetwater till we came to independence rock this is a huge bluff upon which there [were] scratched several hundred names at that early period [of] travel to Oregon & California my Father put his name there along with the others & most of the company did the same. till we passed Fort Hall the company was made up of those bound for Oregon & California mostly Oregonias, as few cared to come California on account of the Mexican war, on the big sandy river we passed Gen Kearney & Fremont on their way east, that night the two camps were near eath other. Fremont came to the camp of the emigrants & spent the evening; giving them advice as to what they should do to safely cross the mountains before the winter storms set in; this being the

year following the perishing of many of the Donner party near Donner lake then known as Truckey lake. he particularly cautioned them to avoid delays but to keep moving along, but not to crowd the teams lest they give out & cause long stops thus losing much valuable time[12] we soon reached Fort Hall camped near the fort a day or two to rest the teams feed for stock being pentiful after leaving Fort Hall we travelled down Snake River some distance till we came to where the roads divided one for Oregon down Snake river and the other turning to the left this being the California road many persons standing at the forks of the road bidding good bye to each other and saying if you ever come my way come & see us. went but a short distance up a small stream & camped that evening the men elected a captain Charles Hopper an old mountaineer he having [been] through this section several times was quite well qualified for the position.[13] The California contingent consisting of about 20 wagons & 100 persons some fifty men & an equal number of women & children[14] Captain Hopper being an excellent hunter furnished the camp with antelope meat frequently. We crossed the goose creek mountains thece down the Humbold River[15] then known as Mary's river to its sink, then across a forty mile stretch of sand & sage brush to Truckey River this distance was made mostly in the night on account of the heat & lack of water for the teams, a short time before day light we came to a large boiling spring, here the company had breakfast, some of the company had a few chicken & those thus provided had eggs for breakfast. the rest were satisfied with coffee & bacon we soon reached the river & travelled up the river a couple days crossing it many times some said twenty seven times a rapid stream & full of boulders some of which the men rolled out of the way so the wagons could pass; this was the most trying part of the trip from the Missouri River to Sutters fort. feed for the stock was good up truckee

We camped one night at the Donner camp where so many perished the winter of 1846.[16] Fremont on his way back east distroyed every thing he could that might be a discouragement to future travelers wagons ox yokes and anything & everything that would burn were given to the flames we had little trouble crossing the sumit after spending about a day fixing the road up the mountain they doubled teams putting seven or eight yoke of oxen to a wagon with men pushing behind and three or four men with ropes on the upper side of the grade to keep the wagons from upsetting they passed over the divide & down to the timber line on the other side. one place the road was so steep only one yoke of oxen was used so as to hold up the wagon tongue & keep the wagon in the track. a long rope around a tree both hind wheels rough loaket [locked] and a large brush tied behind, not far down the mountain we came to a small meadow with plenty of grass. here camp was m[a]de, that day we only travelled abut one mile. that night the Indians shot some arrows into some of the oxen but

did [not] get way with any of them, once over the divide the company felt greatly releived & the weather being pleasant had no fear of being caught in the deep snows the rest of the way to Johnsons ranch & Sutters fort was comparitively easy mostly down grade & stock feed in most places being good.

at steep hollow not far from where the town of Nevada is build the Indians stole four head of cattle two of wich were my Fathers thus weakening his team of four yoke[17] a man named Whistman loaned Father a couple of cows to strengthen his team for the rest of the trip The last day of September or the first day of October we reached Sutters Fort.[18] Here Father sold his wagon & the yoke of oxen to Mr. Murphy for $100 and went [to] work for Capt Sutter who was just starting to build a flour mill on the American river abut three miles from the fort near sintclairs [John Sinclair's] ranch[19] after working there a short time [we went] to San Francisco at that time more generally known as Yerba Bueno. in January 1848 Gold was discovered at coloma (Sutters Saw mill) the news spread like wild fire & every body that could went to the mines[20] along the fore part of may we all, (Father, Mother & my brother Josiah & I) took passage on the schooner susanita & started for the mines we were seven days getting to Sacremento here Father hired one of Sutters team to take us to Mormon Island one of the first places to be mined as the diggins were good any one could make from ten to sixteen dollars a day & some a hundred dollars or more. Father mined there something like a month & then went to Weber creek for another month. the water giving out he returned & [to] Mormon Island took up several claims none of which pain [paid] very much propected some on the north fork of the American river found nothing that payed much, returned to the Island the river being low a small bar was formed the water running on both sides of it Father & a man named Slusser [Theodore Schlosser] concluded to try and see if they could strike pay diggins there[21] it was only about two feet to bed rock to their surprise it proved to be quite rich but not very extensive in about six weeks time we mined near ten thousand dollars Slusser dug the dirt. Father carried it to the rocker my brother and I run the rocker. It being rather late in the season & weather beginning to get cold Father concluded to return to San Francisco for the winter. he soon had a chance to buy a fifty vara lot on Washington street between Kearny & Montgomery streets for which he paid $7500.00 prices soon advanced rapidly & he sold forty feet for $40,000 thousand dollars build on the remained[er] several small houses in about two months after's the first fire occured starting in the Parker house on Kearney St, burnt to Washington down Washington to Montgomery along Montgomery to Merchant St, here it was headed off & put out there were two other quite large fires in San Francisco before the great fire in 1906

I wish to state that in all of Fathrs travels my mother went along from

England to America first to Pennsylvania then to Missouri, from there to California and here they spent their later days (in San Francisco)

In the trip of near two thousand miles from Lexinton Mo to California only one death occured. Mr Eperson died on Hams fork [of Green River] & was buried along side of the road no marker was placed at the spot where he was buried for fear the Indians might take a notion to open the grave to get his clothes no births were recorded. Mr. Gerke's wife had a child soon after reaching San Francisco

[Signed] W. A. Trubody
Dec. 22—1927

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM A. TRUBODY

In his conversations Mr. Trubody often told of the early days in San Francisco and Napa, and of his trip across the plains. The following scraps of talk and answers to questions are almost in his own words but not, of course, in the order they were given.

Mr. Trubody had seen the moving picture, "Covered Wagon," and said it was true to life, especially the crossing of the Platte.

The emigrants always had plenty to eat. Took hams, bacon, bought provisions at Fort Hall and Fort Laramie. Bacon better than ham—you get the most from bacon you know—they ain't no bone in bacon.

You know what we used for fuel all up through the plains country? Yes—buffalo chips! Indians used to keep the country pretty well burnt off of brush.

One day we passed through buffalo all day.

We met three fellows goin' back East, at the time Epherson died. One of these boys turned around and drove Mrs. Epherson's team clear back to Oregon, just to help her out. "Tell the boys I'll see 'em next spring," he called out as he left.

Music? Yes, there was one or two fiddlers—something like that—kind of dance you know—kind of hop around. Father once caught me dancing. He was a strict Methodist, you know. "What you doin' there, William?" he says.

"Just cuttin' up dancin'."

"Well," he says, "Quit!"

When he said "Quit" I knew he meant it.

We had considerable difficulty wranglin' and arguments, some fightin'. Always some disagreeable people in the crowd, some unruly. There was a scrap over a mulatto woman married to a white man. The white man was beatin' her. A Kentuckian objected and the husband began hittin' him with the butt of a sage-brush. The people made him quit, and the Kentuckian fell out and went back to the next train.

Some people had tents. Some slept on the ground or in wagons. Some women rode horseback—not many—all rode sideways. James Findla had a

little white horse that I used to ride a little. But it was "shanks mare" mostly. Everyone walked a great deal. Mother was a great walker. She and I used to throw lots of stones out of the road, too.

The women dressed in calico and linsey [homespun]. The men wore "jeans" [homespun cotton trousers]. Clothes got pretty dirty.

They fixed the old road built by the emigrants of 1844 and 1845 over the backbone of the Sy'-erry Ne-vay'das. Fifty men doing pick and shovel work began in the afternoon at timberline camp [above Donner Lake]—made three and a half miles in one day. One place was very slippery and steep. The oxen would slip on the smooth rocks. Covers were lashed on to keep stuff from spilling out of the wagons.

When we landed at Sutter's in '47, I remember them accusin' Keesburg, the Donner party man, of killin' people at Truckee Lake, and saltin' 'em down. We kids were so afraid of Keesburg that we always ran away when we saw him.

One day father sent Josiah, my brother, and me to the Fort from our camp to get some meat. On the way we met one of Sutter's drunken Indians waving a big boo-ey knife and motioning us to go away. We went off another way, glad to get rid of him, and when we got along further we came bang up against ol' Keesburg and were worse afraid of him than the Indian. We ran back to camp.

Father never sent us up to the Fort again after meat—always went himself.

Sutter and Bidwell (the storekeeper and clerk) had lots of Indians. All those old fellows had lots of Indians around them—Sutter, Yount [pronounced Yunt], Bale and the rest. Sutter used to kill a beef, take the best, and the poor cuts and things they'd give to the Indians—also some liquor.

We took out $1,100 in one morning on Mormon Island, in '48. Thinking this a pretty good day's work, we quit at noon.

Some Frenchmen workin' near us pulled up some willows, shook out the roots and found a lump of gold worth eight dollars. This was the biggest piece found up till then on Mormon Island.

Father didn't stay in the mines in the winter of '48-'49, because he was afraid of robbery—had $12,000 worth of gold with him. He got out a few logs for a cabin, but decided to go to Sutter's Fort with Sutter's Indian teams. Went to San Francisco on the schooner *Sacramento*. Bought a fifty vara lot [137½ ft. x 137½ ft.] and was offered $1000 more for it the next day, but mother was tired of movin' around—wanted a home—so they stayed. Built his own house on the corner of Washington and Powell—had a grocery store in the basement. It was the first brick residence in San Francisco. The brick came from Philadelphia and cost $65.00 a thousand in San Francisco. This dwelling, built in '49 was outside the fire limits in the '50's and it was either burnt or blowed down [dynamited] in 1906.

Sam Brannan lived not very far from us in San Francisco, near Dupont Street and Washington (in 1848). I heard him preach in somebody's house (in Vallejo Street between Kearny and Dupont)—preached a Mormon sermon. He was a bright man—Sam was a very bright man—was one of those all-'round fellers—could preach and do anything—drunk whiskey but didn't drink much them days.

Brannan was a man who took well with the community. All right if you didn't have too much business with him—was very sharp, too wild for my father who was a strong church man—Methodist.

After he bought his Calistoga place, Brannan began promoting the railroad. His Calistoga property ruined him. Most of it was hill land. His wife broke him finally. When they separated she got all his valuable San Francisco property. All he had left was his two thousand acres at Calistoga for which he had given Fowler and Hargraves $25,000.

In 1854 my father built a four-story brick building on the corner of Washington Street and Dunbar's Alley [mid-way of the block, between Montgomery and Kearny]. This was the first all-marble-front building anywhere in the city. The marble was quarried in Vermont, dressed in Brooklyn and then put aboard ship and came around Cape Horn.

First time William Taylor [the street preacher] came to San Francisco he found out about father being a Methodist. Came up to the house and found Mother sick, sittin' up in bed sewin'. Asked for somethin' to eat and lodgin's. There was no place but the floor, so he slept there—very good natured about it.

Taylor was a large, tall, raw-boned man. Had the Bethel Mission on the water front. He'd go down to the old El Dorado on Kearny and Washington. They'd get him up on a billiard table and he'd always preach to them.

Taylor got father to help build the first Methodist Church in San Francisco—on Powell between Jackson and Washington. Father gave the land to a valuation of $1000 (they paid him the other $1000). Father and a man named Simms, another man named Whiting, and another named Merrill, were the standbys of the church—whenever there was a debt they had to make it up. It cost him about $500 a year.

There was an awful sight of drinkin'—money pretty plentiful. I went down to the El Dorado one mornin', found two dead people killed in a brawl the night before. Nobody paid much attention to it.

Vacant lots were piled full of provisions and things—father's lot, all the other lots around there piled up.

Streets terribly muddy that winter. "Plum brand" tobacco in cases were thrown out to walk on. A wagon come around along there and settled down in, to the hub.

The first circus I saw was Rose's [Rowe's] near Leidesdorff Hotel [later called the "Central"] on Kearny Street. I don't know as there was any ani-

mals about it—just a circus. Dave Long was the clown—he married Selina Patch and taught her ridin' and she was the first circus rider in California. She went to school with me in San Francisco.

My uncle Josiah S. Trubody packed across from Santa Fee with Page and Gatlin—landed at San Diego in '49. Took Christmas dinner with us on Powell Street.

My father first came into Napa to build a haypress for Cordway [Cordua] on Napa River. They cut down a tree, sawed out lumber, scored it, tenoned and mortised the frame, lined it with redwood boards and bailed with a long pole as a lever. 'Twouldn't bail very snug though. This press floated off in the flood of '52.

Father bought his Napa Valley property, now between Napa City and Yountville, from Levi Schlosser. The upper piece came from Hiram Smith. It all used to be on the Salvador Vallejo Grant which ran from Napa Creek (not the river) to Yountville [George C. Yount's south line].

He paid $480 for this ranch, which was supposed to be four hundred acres but had not been surveyed. The Spaniards had measured off the land with a riata. When father had it surveyed it was found considerably less than what he had contracted for.

Father lived in San Francisco till he died in 1897. Mother died at the age of 66 in 1877. Father was fond of traveling and was gone three years about 1866—went to Canada, Ireland, Scotland, England and Italy. Mother didn't like traveling.

I went to school in San Francisco in a private house. Then was sent to Military Academy—Josiah and I—Ossining (now Sing Sing) New York. We went by way of the Isthmus. Were there from '50 to '54. Then we came west again and I went to the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara [now the College of the Pacific at Stockton].

Then, when I was seventeen, I went to the ranch at Napa and have been a farmer ever since.

I married Lura Jane Grigsby, a daughter of our neighbor, Terrell Grigsby. He was Kellis' Grigsby's[22] brother and a second cousin to Captain John Grigsby. The Nixon place [now the Fleishhacker ranch about seven miles northeast of Napa] was the old Grigsby ranch. They squatted there. The old wine cellar on the side of the hill there was Terrell Grigsby's. The old ranch house is gone—it stood under the little grove of poplar trees. That's where Lura was born, November, 1850.

In 1855 Terrell built his house beside the main road. This house is just a pile of bricks now. Terrell did freighting in Nevada, went into the vineyard business here and made money, but the railroad promoters broke him, in the seventies. The scheme was to build a railroad up the east side of the valley through the Yount place. Different sections of roadbed were graded at dif-

ferent times, the farmers paying most of the bills. The road was never completed. Parts of the old grade can be seen to this day.

Terrell's oldest son was Robert F. Grigsby, a mining engineer who went to Mexico in the sixties. His wife's name was Cynthia. Other children beside Lura were Dorwin, Alfonso, Susan, Tom, James P. (now living in Sacramento), Orlena. There were so many Grigsbys and Whittons in Napa that they used to say, "If you saw anyone goin' along the road that you didn't know you could set 'em down as a Grigsby or a Whitton."

Terrell and Kellis' father was from Tennessee, their mother from North Carolina. They came across the plains from Missouri in 1849. "Old Uncle Sammy," Kellis' father [Samuel H. Grigsby, Sr.] was born in [Rockbridge County] Virginia [Sept. 18, 1794, and died in Napa County, March 28, 1873, according to his gravestone in the Yountville Cemetery. Mary L. his wife was born Sept. 11, 1794 and died Oct. 11, 1853].

Robert F. Grigsby, my brother-in-law, developed the Palisade Silver Mine in the hills north of Calistoga, on the old toll road from Napa to Lake County.

The Grigsby kids went to school in the white schoolhouse on top of the hill, where the road crosses north of the Grigsby ranch. They was goin' to school there in '56. The old school is still there but has been moved west a hundred yards or so.

When we came to Napa, George Yount was living in his adobe house where the big barn on the John Finnell place is now [this place is on the Napa River about a mile north of Yountville and about 200 yds. west of the old Yount mill]. I think this was Yount's old "fort." At one end of it was the old log house that Yount built when he first settled on his grant. He didn't move across the valley to his big house until later.

Father and I was out campin', and Yount sent over and invited us to come over and take dinner with him. He was a very sociable old feller and a great talker. Like all the old trappers he could spin great yarns.

Bartlett Vines lived in the old Yount adobe. There isn't a trace of the house left now as it was right in John Finnell's yard.

Yount's mill-race ran straight north from the mill to Napa River. The old dam and part of the race is still there. Old man Ellis—Fred W. Ellis—was Yount's miller and after Yount's death he bought fifty acres of land including the mill, and he ran the mill until about 1880. Ernest E. Cook now owns the "Mill Ranch."[23]

Yount had a small vineyard—an acre or two. The first to have large vineyards were Paget, Krug and Dr. Crane. After Yount's death his widow [Mrs. Gashwiler-Yount] sold the ranch and bought a place on the west side of the Valley, just southwest of Yountville and across from our ranch. There she built a big brick house and lived in some style.

Yount presented the land for the Yountville Cemetery—five acres. It's a

bigger city than the other [meaning the town of Yountville]—same way with the Tulocay Cemetery in Napa, more people there than in Napa. A hundred Indians are buried along the north edge of the Yountville Cemetery. The ground is better on the west side of the cemetery, and the east end isn't used much any more because the water fills the graves when they are dug there in the winter time.

The Indian tribe that lived at Yount's [Caymus Indians] had their wiki-ups on the west bank of Napa River, in a little cove in the hills there, about a quarter of a mile north of where John Finnell's house is now. There were a few Diggers living around on the north side of this hill until recently. Just the other day I saw an Indian in Napa—not many here any more.

I remember J. B. Chiles and "Billy" Gordon, they were sociable fellers. Met Colonel Chiles one cold day, and we offered him a little whiskey. He said, "Nothing like a little whiskey to warm a man up." Yount, Chiles and Gordon were weatherbeaten lookin' from the hard frontier life they had led.

Old Cayetano Juarez too was a sociable man—drunk lots of whiskey. Was a small man not much larger than I am. Salvador Vallejo was a big portly man, talked very broken English and used an interpreter during his cases in court. Editor Cox [A. J. Cox] was a dissipated feller—got used up politically and every other way. Fling was a drinking man—old Fling—he claimed to have brought Yount into the Valley. Kellis Grigsby's father—"Old Uncle Sammy"—was a Campbellite preacher. The Campbellites used to hold their camp meetings on Yount's place.

The Mecombs stayed on my father's place at Napa. I remember Ol' Ike [Mecombs]. He had a few geese, would drive them out along the county road, set there and smoke and watch them geese. The old lady [Hannah Mecombs] lived to be nearly a hundred years old.

Old Colonel Clyman used to come over to our place to buy berries. He was a sociable man. Not extra well educated. He didn't write those articles [published in the *Quarterly* of the California Historical Society]—somebody wrote 'em for him.

Governor Boggs never was just right after the Mormon shot him in the head. He was a good, kind old feller though. The oldest boy was Angus, then Henry, then Bill. They'd never set in a room with the lights lit without the curtains down. That's because of how old Boggs was shot in Missouri.

There was a lot of grizzly bear huntin' here in the early days. All the old hunters would get the fever every now and then. Charlie Hopper would come over sayin', "I'm goin' next week down to Tulare, bear huntin'."

Lots of accidents. McKinley was like to be tore to pieces by a grizzly bear, tore his arm, tore his clothes all off him. Thomas Boggs got his face all tore up—in Mendocino County.

Napa in the old days was a hang-out for miners in the winter time. They'd come in for a spree—always very hungry. One said in a Napa restaurant

when the waiter brought him a small steak—"That's what I want, *bring* me some of it"—just a sample for him. There was a small Chinatown in Napa, on First Street. The roads were very bad, muddy, and we drove ox-teams. Took us all day to come in from the ranch and back again [sixteen miles].

The old Suscol ferry used to be the head of navigation on the Napa River; snags above there before they dredged it out. Captain Thompson had his nursery near there. He owned the land near the Suscol house too that's fenced with rocks. The man that sold it to him told him there was plenty of rocks to make a fence. "Yes," says Thompson, "and plenty of rocks to pave it too."

Old Jack True kept the Suscol house in the fifties. Just above there on the same side of the road is Levi Coombs old house. He got away with a fortune left by his father.

Henry Fowler said there were a few elk in '44-'45 in Knight's Valley country—never saw any down this way. Charlie Hopper used to catch beaver in Napa Creek.

The old Cayetano Juarez adobe—the barn now—was the first house built in Napa. Built in 1841. Mrs. Metcalf owns the property but it's deserted [1928] except for bums and horse traders who hang out there. [The Juarez adobe barn is roofed with redwood shakes on old redwood poles. There are small windows or loopholes along the north side.]

The Bob Glassford house is now the Hathaway ranch. The old George N. Cornwall house is the big white house near the Napa Water Works on the south side of town. This was the Cornwall tract. The old Hartson adobe north of Napa was built by one of the Berreyesas. They had nothing when they died.

Frank Bacon, the actor, was a photographer when he lived in Napa. Got his idea for "Lightnin' " from Wall Kennedy who was the Napa Jailer—quite a liar. The bee story was one of Kennedy's stories. Kennedy was always talking about his bees—said he was attacked by Indians on the plains and he just turned the bees loose on them, and the Indians skee-daddled. Kennedy kept the bums in jail there with a gun.

I was farmin' with my brother Josiah until I came in town to live. Was County Treasurer three times [twelve years] and then Supervisor three times [eleven years].[24]

[Once during the several conversations Mr. Trubody sang some verses of the Susanna song:]

I've just got in across the plains,
I'm poorer than a snail,
My damned old mule a cripple,
I pulled him in by the tail.

I fed him last at Chimney Rock,
That's where the grass gave out,
But I'm proud to tell
We stood it well along the Truckee Route.

CHARLES HOPPER AND OTHER IMMIGRANTS OF 1847

Hopper was known as an "old mountaineer" and trapper, although he had a home and family nine miles west of Lexington, Missouri. He was born July 1, 1800, in North Carolina, and died in Napa County, September 24, 1880. He was in Missouri as early as 1821, moved back to Indiana in 1825 and to Missouri again in 1839. He first came to California as a hunter with the Bidwell-Bartleson party in 1841 and was with Joseph B. Chiles on the return eastward in 1842. Mr. Trubody remembered his story of an amusing incident of this trip:

When the two men were riding alone together in the Salt Lake country some Indians approached, "Piutes, inclined to be belligerent. Chiles says: 'Charlie, have you got any tobacco? Well,' says he, 'Just cut it up in small pieces, show it to the Indians and then sling it as far as you can, while they're busy pickin' it up, we'll git'." The Indians turned their attention to the tobacco and Chiles and Hopper got away.

Hopper and his family prepared to come west and accompanied the Trubodys all the way, Hopper acting as guide west of Fort Hall. No other guides or travelers met or helped them as Greenwood the trapper had done in other years. The Trubody company was known as "Hopper's company."

Hopper sent outriders ahead every day to choose camping places. In the morning he would go around to see if everyone was ready, and when the teams were yoked would sing out, "Roll out." The team ahead on one day would be put in the rear the next. The team ahead having it much easier "because they caught the wind and didn't get the dust and the pulling was easier for the front team because they didn't have the road cut up so much."

"Oregon rules" were put into effect with all companies—corralling, men mounting guard, double guard when Indians were ugly. Men on guard had to walk around through camp—went on in the evening and stayed 'till daylight, then slept in the wagons next day.

Hopper was a "very quiet man, a kind easygoin' feller, a roamer—quite a churchman in his latter days." His ranch house in Napa is at the mouth of Hopper Canyon, northwest of Napa City, on the west side of the Valley. He is buried in Yountville Cemetery. "His monument there was put up by Thomas Hopper."

In an obituary notice of Thomas Hopper, Charlie Hopper's cousin, it is said that Thomas "landed at Sutter's Fort, September 15, 1847," having left his home in Missouri with the Charles Hopper party, May 9, 1847.[25] After staying a few days at Sutter's, he went to San Jose, and finally settled at Santa Cruz. In May, 1848, he went to Sutter's Mill, prospected with much

success, and in July took his family to Napa Valley, shortly returning to the mines where he remained until the fall of '49, when he took up his residence in Sonoma County. He died in Santa Rosa, June 3, 1912, at the age of 92. At that time he had six children, sixteen grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. His children living in 1912 were: Mrs. Eliza Cook, William Hopper, Wesley Hopper, Mrs. Mary Roberts, Henry T. Hopper, and Mrs. Rose Carpenter. Eliza was brought across the plains, and William was born in Nevada during the journey.

References to Charles Hopper are:

(1) "Narrative of Charles Hopper," MS in the Bancroft Library.
(2) Montgomery's sketch in *Napa County Sketch Book* (with portrait).
(3) Montgomery's account, "California in 1841," in Napa *Reporter*, March 23, 1872.
(4) "Hopper and His Party of 1841," in Napa *Register*, March 16, 1872.
(5) Letter regarding Charles Hopper and his dreams in Napa *Register*, January 21, 1882.
(6) *Narrative of Nicholas "Cheyenne" Dawson* (Grabhorn Press, San Francisco, 1933).

There were fifty men and fifty women and children in Hopper's company, including twenty wagons (120 oxen).

Mr. Trubody remembers the following names of members of the party:

"Angel—very large people; girl was about six feet tall. They settled at Gilroy, then bought a ranch at Deer Creek in Shasta County.

"James Finley [Findla] (and his wife who was a Fine) an Englishman, came from Missouri.

"James Eastin, wife and child from Kentucky and Missouri. Went to San Jose and settled out toward Los Gatos Creek. Was in the mines in '48.

"Charlie Taylor and Ephraim Fairchild—bachelors. Went to Stockton, then to the mines in '48. Called the 'Blue Tent crowd.'

"Henry Gerke—afterwards bought the Viney-Stanford ranch in Tehama.

"Whisman—settled at Half Moon Bay or Santa Cruz.

"Linn—settled out towards Santa Clara.

"Old Uncle Charlie Hopper—the Captain.

"Tom Hopper—cousin of Charlie—went to Sonoma.

"Will Hopper—another cousin of Charlie.

"Dave Hopper—brother of Tom—went to Mendocino County.

"Charlie Hopper's son, his son-in-law, his wife and his daughter.

"Fine—From Missouri."

The second California train under Captain Chester Ingersoll arrived at Sutter's on October 9. Its members included John Smith and Levi and Theodore Schlosser.

In the *Grizzly Bear*, June, 1909, is a note regarding the death of Mrs. J. C. Braly of Missouri, who had come overland in "1848" [1847]. She was mar-

ried at Santa Clara Mission where her family, the Whismans, had settled. Mrs. James C. Braly was Lizzie Whisman of the Trubody party.[26]

In another number of the same magazine, it is stated that "Mrs. Martha A. Spring, who came in 1847, died at Berkeley, October 1909. She was the widow of Dr. George Spring of Willows, Colusa County."[27]

The *Grizzly Bear*, of April, 1910, notes that:

"Stephen C. Story, who crossed the plains in 1847, died recently at Santa Rosa."

T. B. Merry, in an article, "Old Time Rocks," says:

"Old Henry Gerke, who lived on the Bosquejo Rancho, just below the little town of Tehama, and now known as the Vina Ranch of the Stanford Estate, could beat any man in the State when it came to 'getting the cart before the horse.' On one occasion he had a lawsuit in Red Bluff with about a dozen witnesses in the case for whose board and lodging he was responsible. A few days before the trial came off, he met Mr. Luhrs, the landlord of the old Red Bluff Hotel, who said:

" 'Well, Mr. Gerke, I suppose we will see you up here next week when your case comes up in court?'

" 'Yah, dot's so, and I got to bring along a whole lot of vitnesses,' replied Gerke.

" 'Well, I will do my best to accommodate them,' said Luhrs.

" 'You are right of dot, mein friendt. I vant you to gif 'em a great pig bed, mit eight or ten rooms in it. And dot's petter you make a great pig pot of parsley soup, mit oxtails in it, because die Deutschers like 'em mighty goot, ain'd it?' "[28]

Mr. Trubody says that "Peter Lawson" gave Gerke the ranch for taking care of it.

Sutter's "New Helvetia Diary,"[29] has the following entries concerning the immigrants of 1847:

> Sept. 10, [1847]—Mr. Brannan arrived in the evening with one man from the mountains with the news that the Emigrants are coming shortly. . . .
>
> Oct. 3,—A party of the Emigrants arrived and one German by the name of Gerke came to the Fort. A warm day.
>
> Oct. 4,—Some of the Emigrants arrived.
>
> Oct. 5,—Some of the Emigrants arrived and came to see the Fort. Fairchild, a wagon maker, remained here and began to work.
>
> Oct. 6,—Some of the Emigrants here, some of them moved to the Embarcadero, and some down to San José.
>
> Oct. 7,—A good many of the Emigrants have been here. Bought two yokes of oxen of Ths. Beston [Eastin?]. . . . Some of the Emigrants crossed to Sacramento.
>
> Oct. 9,—Doctor Long and two other men arrived from Bear

Creek and left for Sonoma. Doctor Fourgeaudy [Victor J. Fourgeaud], his brother and family arrived as Emigrants and camped near the landing place. [This is probably the date of arrival of Chester Ingersoll's party.]

Sunday, Oct. 10,—Received a visit of Dr. Fourgeaud and his lady likewise Mr. Sinclair. A good many people at the Fort.

Oct. 11,—Paid a visit to Dr. Fourgeaud on the Embarcadero.

Tues. Oct. 12,—Received 7 yokes of oxen from Doctor Fourgeaud, yokes, bows, chairs, etc.

Oct. 13,—Giving the launch a cargo and started her this evening, Passengers Doctor Victor T. Fourgeaud with his family, Beston [Eastin?] and family. Trubody and his family moved back again to the Sheep corral.

Oct. 18,—John Smith, the new carpenter, an Englishman, went up today at Natoma [the mill site].

Oct. 19,—A good many loafers here about.

Oct. 20,—The Emigrant with the bad foot left in Perry's Launch.

Oct. 21,—Hardy left for good the loafer.

Oct. 22,—Gingery and fairchild at work on the mill.

Oct. 27,—Lard and Howell moved with their family to the Landing place.

Nov. 20,—Despatched the launch—Passengers Capt. Grimes, McKinstry, Keseberg, Fairchild, Kearny, Davis, Lambdon, Linn and a sailor.

Nov. 30,—34 hands employed on mill—now raising the frame.

Dec. 10,—Launch passengers to San Francisco.[30] Mr. Trubody and his family, Messrs. C. C. Smith, Th. Cordua, Pettit, Jacob Schmidt, J. C. Kunze, Orlando Mead, Ths. Dunn, Elisha Thomas, Griswold, Ed. Wilkins, a. Canaca.

Feb. 10 [1848]—Mr. Angel left for Monterey.

The following is from the "Statement" of James Findla, the original of which is in the Bancroft Library:

We moved down towards Sacramento, and we met Mr. Weber of Stockton who was an acquaintance of Mr. Hopper, and he invited us to go down to Stockton. We all went there and stopped two or three days, and he entertained us hospitably. He offered eleven families land to induce them to stop there and settle,—one block of town lots, and such land as they would cultivate adjoining the town survey besides that. He wanted eleven families to complete his conditions for securing the grant. Three or four stopped there. [Eli Randall, John Sivey, R. B. Thompson and H. F. Fanning may have been some of these.][31] Some of the Indians had fever and ague and the others [of our party] were afraid to

stop. Two of the families who did stop, changed their minds and came and joined us again after we left. Most of the families settled in Napa Valley and Santa Clara. . . .

After leaving Stockton, Gerke and I kept on to San Francisco, arriving here in the latter part of October. Stevenson's Regiment was here, and Capt. Folsom in command of some of the regular U. S. Army, perhaps two or three hundred at the Presidio, Gov. Riley was U. S. Military Governor. There were some old Spanish settlers, some Englishmen, some Americans,—W. D. M. Howard, Larkin, Teschmacker, Chs. L. Ross, and other engaged in trade here. . . . The Americans had come the year before. The trade formerly had been merely with hides and tallow, a vessel or two coming from Boston every year for these articles bringing a cargo of general merchandise. When I came there were about four hundred [sic] Mormons here, who had come from New York on the ship "Brooklyn." They came with the expectation of making a Mormon settlement, and a part of them settled in San Bernardino. They started some of them before the war, and thought they would come here to take possession of California, but the United States got ahead of them. The natives were peacable. There were a good many Spaniards here, a few old families, some keeping drinking saloons and little restaurants. The Spanish used to come here from the country and spend their money drinking and gambling. The Mormons had built some frame houses, quite comfortable, and the town was composed of Washington, Jackson, Dupont, Stockton, Clay and Sacramento Sts. and some few houses towards North Beach, and a few shanties west of Stockton St. There were three or four hundred emigrants came in '46 and a good many of them were in San Francisco. Most of the people who came with us [in 1847] came from unhealthy regions and came here to find a better place, they would not stop in Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. The Mormons who were here had been gathered from England, Scotland, a few from Germany, and other places, and some of them were very nice people. Most of them had families, but the men had only one wife each, though they talked of spiritual wives at that time. Most of those who were here [in the Mormon Battalion] went to Salt Lake about a year after I arrived. Brannan was the Agent of the Mormon Company before they left New York, bought all the supplies, chartered the ship, making his commissions out of the business. Some of them charged him with appropriating their money, and I suppose he did in the way of commissions. He had no money, but when he got here, he had money, bought town lots, started a Newspaper ec.

> I engaged in building houses, being a carpenter and builder. This was a redwood region then around the bay, and the lumber was sawed by hand with rip saws; there were no lumber mills then. Sutter built the first saw mill for lumber.[32] Some of the houses were plastered, and some clothed and papered. They were building a hotel on the Plaza, and it was nearly finished when the rush of '49 came on. My work was worth about $3= a day before the gold was discovered. Beef was three cents a pound then, flour from Chili about $5= a barrel. There were no regular churches at first, but people used to meet in each others houses for service, I think. The Methodists had meetings in private houses. There were quite a number of families besides the Mormons. I heard Sam Brannan preach in Lincoln's house. He became a Mormon in the Sandwich Islands, and I heard Lincoln preach also. He was a very nice man. . . . The Mormons at that time did not preach very different from other people.

It is interesting to compare Findla's account with Mr. Trubody's recollections. Neither had any knowledge of the other's writings. Regarding the location of the Lincoln house it may be noted that Mr. G. H. Lincoln said he was born in San Francisco on November 1, 1849, on Green Street, near Dupont.[33]

NOTES

1. "Father worked setting up timbers in the tin mines. Mother, before she was married, sorted the tin ore. They were poor people." William's father, John, was the son of Edward and Mary Simmons Trubody.

2. John's brother, Josiah Simmons Trubody, came with him from England in 1830. They went to New Brunswick, and to Philadelphia on June 26, 1830.

3. In 1833.

4. The same year.

5. Dover was a little place, "smaller than Yountville," Napa County. William Alexander Trubody was born there on December 5, 1839. His uncle, J. S. Trubody, remained two years in Lafayette County and then moved to Carroll County, where he was a farmer. He started by ox team to California, August 26, 1849, and became one of the pioneers of Napa County.

6. This visitor was William ("Bill") Fowler, Jr. It was the custom in those days of few hotels for a traveler to stop at any farm house along the way to ask for a meal or night's lodging. "Fowler came on horseback to the gate of father's place and said, 'Hello, can a man get a little something to eat here'." His talk that evening changed the destiny of the family.

7. There were twenty wagons and one hundred people in Hopper's company west of Fort Hall. This is evidently the period to which Mr. Trubody refers, for the caravan was undoubtedly larger when the Oregon companies and the other California trains were together. James Findla in his "Statement" (MS, Bancroft Library) says that there were two hundred persons, mostly families, and forty-seven wagons in the company formed at Independence.

8. The name of this mountaineer captain was not recollected. According to Mr. Trubody: "There had been a good deal of wrangling and several different captains were chosen. A man by the name of Jones was captain for a few days. Most of the

wrangling was done between those intending to go to California, and those headed for Oregon who were in the majority."

9. Findla ("Statement") says: "The first trouble we had with the Indians was at Caw Village, when they stole some of our cattle. We kept two of the Indians prisoners, and as they started to run away, they were killed by the guard."

10. In Orson Pratt's "Journal," mention is made of meeting an advance company of Oregon emigrants on June 12, 1847, 124 miles below Fort Laramie. The Mormons had a "skiff of sole leather that would carry 1,500 or 1,800 pounds, they were employed to ferry the emigrants over, carrying their goods in the skiff, and swimming the empty wagons, which were frequently whirled several times over by the force of the current.

"These emigrants paid the Pioneers $1.50 for each wagon and load, in flour at $2.50 per 100 lbs; yet flour was worth $10. per hundred at least at that point . . . 'It looked as much of a miracle to me,' writes Wilford Woodruff, 'to see our flour and meal bags replenished in the Black Hills, as it did to have the children of Israel fed with manna in the wilderness. . . '

"These little stores of flour were supposed to have saved the lives of some of the Pioneers, for they were by this time entirely desitute of the staff of life."

But the Mormons evidently forgot this little dispensation, for speaking later of their blood enemies, the Missourians, they used these words:

"These two Missouri companies, who kept up a regular warfare between themselves on the route, were a suggestive example to the Pioneers. President Young, in speaking to the people of the camp, in one of their Sabbath meetings, made this the subject of his discourse. He said of the two Missouri Companies:

" 'They curse, swear, rip and tear, and are trying to swallow up the earth, but though they do not wish us to have a place upon it, the earth might as well open and swallow them up: for they will go to the land of forgetfulness; while the Saints, though they suffer some privations here, if faithful, will ultimately inherit the earth, and increase in power, dominion and glory'." Quoted from Andrew Jensen, *The Historical Record*, Vol. 9, 1890, p. 51.

Mr. Trubody said: "On North Platte River, Mormons driving horses and mules went by us on a trot. This was a big company and the only ones we saw on the road. Nothing disagreeable was said, some jokes were passed, no controversy at all."

11. Mr. Trubody got this information about the destruction of Chimney Rock from his uncle Achilles ("Kellis") Fine Grigsby, who came through in 1850, and again in the early '60's. Jim Bridger maintained that the rock was struck down by lightning. According to another tale it was shot off with a cannon.

12. General Kearny was returning with a bodyguard of Mormons from the California Mormon Battalion. Frémont was under arrest by Kearny's orders, but was traveling with some of his own men, and the two officers maintained separate camps. The Braly party who were in advance, met Kearny west of Fort Hall and upon Kearny's advice went to Oregon instead of California; because of the danger of snow in the Sierra and the fate of the Donner party (*Memory Pictures*, by John Hyde Braly, Los Angeles, 1912). Mr. Trubody says Kearny was not well liked, was considered "offish and high-hat.... Standing on the dignity of his position, he invited the emigrants to come to his camp and see him, but nobody went. Frémont was very sociable and good to the emigrants at that time and made many friends. One of these was James Eastin. Eastin, who was a Southern Democrat, later had difficulty in deciding whether or not to vote for Frémont (the Republican) in 1856, because he had come to like him so well."

Mr. Trubody said that his company also met "Peg-leg" Smith on the Big Sandy. Perhaps "Peg-leg" was in the "Black" Harris outfit from Oregon, who were then trading with the emigrants at that point. "Peg-leg" Smith was a well known figure at Napa in the fifties. He traveled through the country from Sacramento to San Francisco, living on charity and drawing attention by his amusing dress and mannerisms. Mr. Trubody said, "He used to hold out in San Francisco at the 'Old Corner,' a resort for old-timers at the corner of Commercial and Montgomery Streets."

13. See the portion of this article entitled, "Charles Hopper and the Other Emigrants of 1847."

14. *Ibid.*

15. James Findla, in his "Statement", says: "At one place on the Humboldt River, the Indians had placed large stones in the road, and we caught them engaged in that business with the design of impending the trains that came along. They had attacked a train there the year before, and they were making ready to attack the next one that appeared. They could fire from behind the rocks without being seen themselves. Some of our party in advance found these four Indians and captured them, so as they could not give notice to the other Indians. We rolled the stones away, and went along, keeping the prisoners one day."

16. Mr. Trubody visited Donner Lake in the summer of 1927, and said that everything was very much changed, but he recognized the "big rock" where the cabins were located.

17. "A wagon was upset at Steep Hollow," according to Trubody.

18. They had left Lexington on the 9th of May and arrived at Sutter's in detachments on October 3-9. As Trubody put it: "We was five months comin' acrost."

19. Sutter's own account of the building of his grist mill (John Trubody and other members of the company were employed in the construction):

"In 1847 I began to build a grist-mill on the American River [at Brighton or "Natoma"] about four miles above the Fort where I got a good fall of water by going back and making a dam and digging a race four miles long. This mill was not completed when gold was discovered. I had everything ready, four pairs of mill stones, wheels, a large building erected, and it would have been all in working order in six weeks if the discovery of gold had been kept a secret that much longer . . .

"My grist-mill never was finished. Everything was stolen, even the stones. There is a saying that men will steal everything but a mile-stone and a mill stone. They stole my mill stones." ("Personal Reminiscences of John A. Sutter," Bancroft Library.)

For a list of the Mormon workers employed at the mill, see Mrs. R. H. Stanley's article in California Historical Society *Quarterly*, Vol. XIV, p. 278.

20. Mr. Trubody said that his father wrote a letter to Josiah S. Trubody in Missouri telling of the discovery of gold. This letter, Mr. Trubody said, "was published in a newspaper in Lexington." It was believed to have been the first news of the discovery received in Missouri, and the letter was said to have been carried overland by Kit Carson. Nathan Hawk was Sam Brannan's messenger to Missouri in 1848. Probably he, not Carson, carried Trubody's letters. Search of the Missouri newspapers has failed to disclose the letter.

21. Theodore Schlosser, who mined with the Trubodys, was a Pennsylvania German, who came overland with his brother Levi in 1847 in Chester Ingersoll's company. Levi Schlosser bought land in 1849 from Salvador Vallejo in Napa Valley. Part of the Schlosser ranch was sold to the Trubodys during the next year.

22. Achilles ("Kellis") Fine Grigsby died at Napa City about June 8, 1907. He was called the "father of the stone bridges" which made Napa County famous. He had crossed the plains in 1850, was a horse trainer and breeder, and a man of small stature. (*Grizzly Bear*, August, 1907.)

John Worth Grigsby, who had come overland in 1850, died at Napa, December 1, 1912, aged 65, leaving a widow and four children. (*Grizzly Bear*, August, 1907.)

John Sylvester Grigsby came overland to California with his father in 1845 and died at Yountville, July 14, 1912, aged 74 years. He left a widow and several children. (*Grizzly Bear*, August, 1912.)

E. D. Grigsby died in Berkeley, September 18, 1912, aged 71 years. He was a native of Missouri, and came across the plains in 1849. Settled in Napa County where he resided until 1868. (*Grizzly Bear*, November, 1912.)

23. The old mill record books and the six stones—two of which are of fine "red granite from Scotland"—are in the possession of Mr. Cook, who said that these stones got too hot and had to be replaced by a coarser stone. He dismantled the mill in 1916, used some of the tongue-and-groove flooring for the sheeting of his barn-rafters and later made a pergola in his front yard of some of the redwood timbers from the mill frame. Some of

these are solid redwood 14"x14", very neatly mortised together and pinned with large pine pegs. Some iron bolts were evidently put in later, but no nails were used in the frame. The broken pieces of the paddle-wheel lay under the portion of the foundation frame that remained on the mill-site. The wheel was of the same construction as the Lyman-Bale mill near St. Helena but was not so large. The mill building as it looked in its later days was a large barn-like structure.

Regarding the date of Yount's first adobe house, Charles Hopper's "Narrative" (MS in the Bancroft Library) indicates that Yount had just finished building his adobe and had moved into it when Hopper first came to the Valley in 1841. Hopper states that the log block-house was then still standing.

24. The Trubody farm, eight miles north of Napa, deserves more than passing mention. It was famous for its blackberries—twenty-seven acres of them, producing about two and a half tons to the acre. Put up in chests, they sold for about four dollars a hundred pounds in San Francisco, where they were shipped fresh by rail. The principal variety raised was the "Lawton," others were the Wilson, Dorchester, Missouri, and Mammoth. The rest of the 185 acres was devoted to a vineyard of 10 acres, corn, beans and pasturage.

An enormous eucalyptus, ten feet in diameter, five feet up, and nearly forty feet in circumference at the ground, now stands in front of the old ranch house. This tree was planted about the year 1867. It was approximately thirty feet high in 1870, as shown in a lithograph published by Smith and Elliott in their *Illustrations of Napa County*, Oakland, 1871.

From the Slocum and Bowen *History of Napa and Lake Counties*, 1881, we learn that: "During the year 1848, John Trubody mowed almost the entire town-site [of Napa], which was covered with a rank growth of wild oats, and sold the hay to the Government." It is also stated that William A. Trubody's brother, Josiah Palmer Trubody, who came across the plains with the family, married Sophronia Ament on May 3, 1865. Their children were Charles M., Albert W., Samuel A., and Charlotte Jane.

William A. Trubody upon graduation from the University of the Pacific engaged as a commission bookkeeper in San Francisco. He returned to Napa on December 18, 1856, and engaged in farming with his father. He was a Mason and held many public offices. His name is remembered with honor and respect in his community.

His children now living are, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, George, Lowell and Frank.

25. *Grizzly Bear*, July, 1912.

26. Cf. J. H. Braly, *Memory Pictures*.

27. *Grizzly Bear*, November, 1909.

28. *Ibid.*, October, 1907.

29. From a copy, dated 1881, in the Bancroft Library; the original manuscript being owned by the Society of California Pioneers.

30. This was the government launch making its regular trip. Sutter's old launch was appropriately named *Lady Drinkwater*.

31. Cf. George H. Tinkham, *History of Stockton*, S. F., 1880, p. 108.

32. This was not the first sawmill in California. After his return from San Blas in 1841, Isaac Graham, with Majors and others, bought the Zayante rancho near Santa Cruz and erected a sawmill. Stephen Smith had a steam sawmill at Bodega in 1844, and not long after, one was operated by Capt. J. B. R. Cooper at Corte Madera.

33. *Grizzly Bear*, December, 1907.

A CHAPTER IN THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN

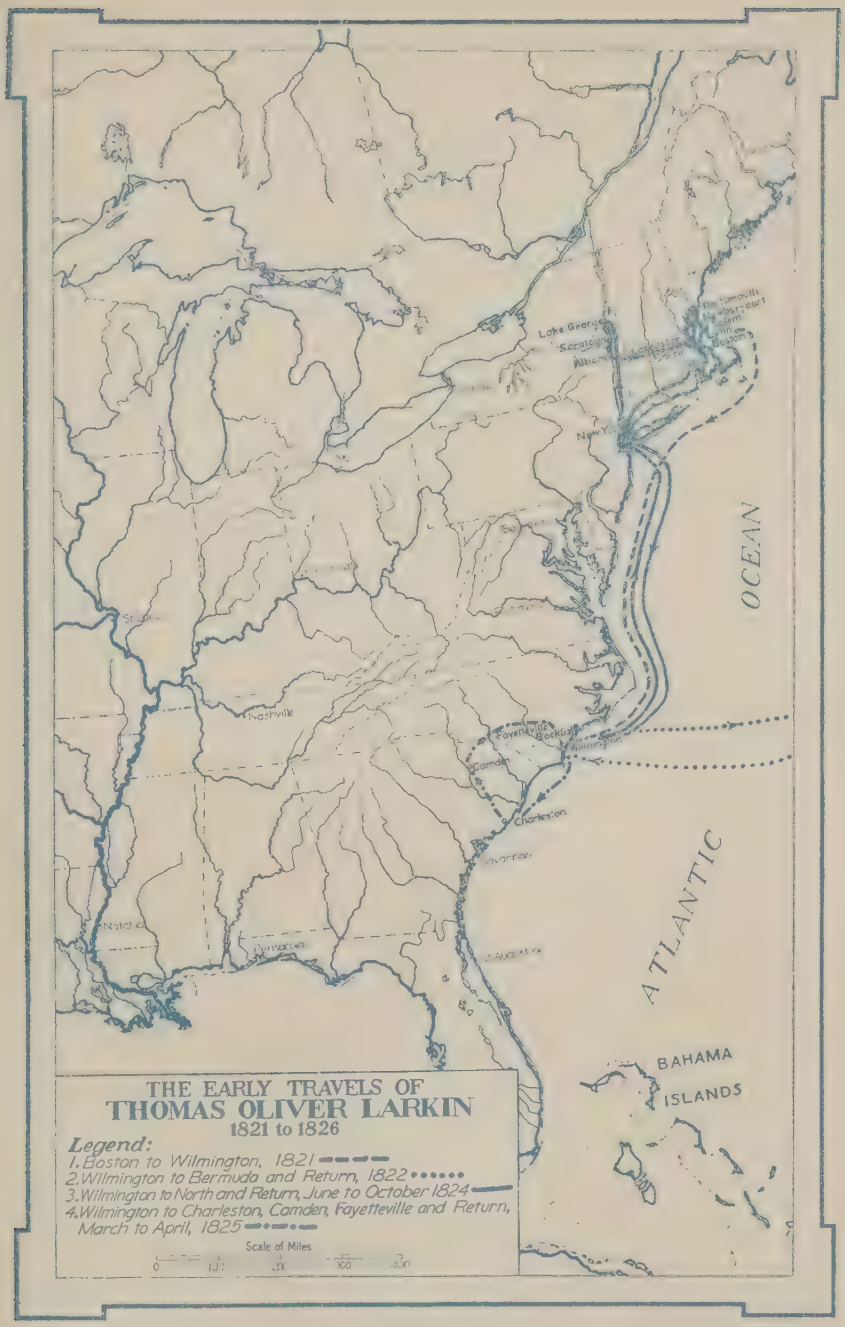
By Robert J. Parker

LARKIN'S "ITINERARY"

(Concluded)

Bermuda. In the spring of 1822, I went on board the Susan, Capt Chase, as Supercargo, bound for Bermuda, under promise of $20 a month, and 2½ pr Ct on the sales of the cargo. At B. I advanced a small sum, to furnish stores, and had a small adventure on board, both of which I lost also the $20. pr mo. and my pr centage. The capt. was forever drunk. He paid his commission Merchant in B. extra pr ct. to make out false papers to show to his owners. He drove off his mate and his crew several times. They were on shares and always came back. He at one time drove off his mate at midnight. The next morning he was ready to sail when I was about to ashore. He then offer'd me $20 more to stay on board as mate, untill we arrive in the U. S. which I of course refused. At sea and in port he offen snap his pistols at the mate. After his first attempt we unloaded them, and reloaded by puting in the ball first, and filling up with wading. He after that frequently when drunk, snap'd them at his mate, and swore the death of him and the passingers. We arrived in N. C. after Six weeks absents. Thus ended that trip. It was my calculation to proceed from Bermuda down to the English Islands,[5] and bid farewell to America for some years, but ac/s from those places forced me to abandon the plan altogether. In June 1822, in Company with the young man that left home with me, I began business in Wilmington N. C. At the same time we both wrote to our friends for assistance. From one, who I expected at least something, I had the very agreeable consolation that he did not believe there was an honest man South of Phil. [Philadelphia] and that he would trust no one South of that place. Ergo, I was south of it, and Ergo again I must look elswere to get my bread butter'd. My young friend had better luck. From perfect Strangers we rec'd about $1800 worth of goods and began to play our part among men. Our path we found easy and Smooth. At the end of two years we disolved, with no profits, but considerable experience to go upon in future. In the spring of 1824, we sail'd for home. I left Wilmington in June 1824 went into the County of Sampson 50 mls from W. to settle some business, riding on horseback the whole distance in one day, and then very warm.

Sickness. I arrived up there completely wore down, at midnight. From Monday untill Saturday, I laid in a house occupied by two boys. There was



Compiled by Robert J. Parker. Drawn by G. Ruiz

but one female on the plantation, and she was black. At daylight, they took her out to make Staves with them. She then had one hour to get breakfast. They then returned to the woods again. At noon she had one hour to cook dinner. Between meals the house was shut up, and I got along as I could. That was no affair of theirs. To be sure while they was eating they did send me now and then some Salt pork and Collards mix'd with molasses, or perhaps at breakfast some coffee that was pounded instead of being ground, sweeten'd with molasses, and no cream or milk. An I tried to, but die I could not. Grim death appear'd to hover around me, but would not stop. At another time I presume it will be vice versa. On Saturday, I borrowed a chaise put the horse in, and between sleeping and waking, I came to town, took passage on board a N. Y. packet, and went to sea.

New York. After a so so passage of ten days, landed at N. Y. tho the health Officer had a hard eye on my fever lips, and he sign'd the permit for us to go ashore. Here then was I alone once more, in one of the largest Cities in the Country. Every thing appear'd strange. For two or three years, I had lived at the South, and in a small place, and surrounded by slaves. To see a white person do a mean or common job was a strange sight. But here I was where every one would do every thing for pay. I was not only surprised but really hurt, as I stood in the market and saw young girls with handsome features staggering under their loads of means. As I step to a barber, there I saw a half dozen young Whites dress'd in all the height of fashion, flourishing their sheers and razors for a Sixpence around any person's head. I thought they must be degraded and had lost their cast. Where I stop'd to dine, was numerous waitors, black and white, and if their was any masterly show'd by them, I thought it was by the blacks. And we may always be sure that an ambitious black will if possible Master all around him. It appear'd as if I was in another world where I was exalted Above my fellows. To see them in the same colour form and dress acting around me in the capacity of menials, bowing and helping to my every want, was not at first what I could overcome. While in N. Y. I was lost day after day, and every day as I staid there, my wonder and amazement decreased.

After being in N. Y. one week, I took the North River steam Boat, and started for Albany. There was two boats started at the same time. We had 300 passingers the other had 250. We left the City Sunday morning at 6, and saw Albany that night. The other boat going a mile only a head of us, took in as many way passingers as they dropt, While we were always leaving them and never taking any more. Our Capt. offer'd to raize the Steam and go ahead but the people on board objected, so we kept in the other's wake the whole way up. Albany is a pleasant, and busy town, and must at some future time, which is not far distant be a place of great magnitude.

Names. Here the jaw breaking Dutch names, began to appear conspicuous, and they continue as bad thro'out the State. Some of the Dutch must cer-

tainly have been named by putting the Alphabet in a Lottery wheel, and taken the Nineteen first letters that came out, and so on for long or short Names. Man could never invented such names. From Albany I went to Saratoga and [one word partially effaced][6] where I saw much company and little pleasure, and should advise all going there to carry there own company. Here I saw many dishes on the table that would please an Alderman. I miss'd some that I was used to, and saw one that I was not used to, and may I never be, let who will uphold it, which is glass qt. bowls, to tip the fingers in but are used for compleat wash bowls. Woe be unto those that are slow eaters, for ere they are done, their right, front & left hand neighbors will be washing the hands and face at table, and for ought some of them seem to care, the water flies as much, as if they were in a bathing house. At the first sight of these bowls, I did not know [what] to call them or what to do with them, but, I did not do, as the man in Washington City once did drink the water up as fast as the Waitor brot it on. As I was ignorant of the use of it, I thought it best to let it remain for others that know its use. It may be of use, but in mix'd company, it is a serious Evil.

Stages. I was soon sick of Saratoga and her score of springs, and went to Glen's falls and Lake George, where I stop'd a few days, and went back to Albany. These roads are abomnable. The stage proprietors mostly rascals, their stages bad and their drivers have but one Motto git what git can. I heard a dispute between two owners of stages. They black each other, untill I was ashame of both. By this dispute I heard the whole history of cheating the public. One proprietor, in Albany, on my asking him the best, and quickest rout to Boston, took [told] me all that was bad of the other rout, and all that was good of his own. I however paid him his fare, took the stage for B, under promise of being in such a place to spend the Sabbath (in Lancaster). But we were Saturday night carried to Barre in Mass. to a proprietor's inn, where we had to remain untill Monday, with aplenty to eat its true, but what was it, thats the question, and one the tavern Keeper or his wife would not choose to answer. We eat what was given to us and answer what questions we could not get over, for the [they] bor'd us all they time we staid here.

Extortion. At this place the driver askd me to pay my fare. I tool'd him I payed it A. He ask for the receipt when he know it was not customary to give them. He still plead for his pay. When I at last tool'd again I had paid, and could prove it, still I would pay him again if he would give me a receipt before Witnesses, and when I returnd in the fall, I would sue the whole establishment, he hem'd and haw'd and said he would see me again in the morning but from that time to this, he never said pay to me. Such is their line of conduct. My name in A. was placed on the way bills, and mark'd paid. This bill should have gone on to Boston, that every driver could see who had paid and who had not. Had I submitted to this driver's

imposition, I expect he would himself have kept the money. From Albany to Lancaster, Mass. our passingers were males, excepting a few young Ladies we now & then took up on the road, and carried but a few miles.

A Stranger. Among us was a Gentleman from N. Hamshire, a quizacal a being as ever staddle a grey horse, or rode in a Stage. My eye lit on him at the stage house in Albany, at breakfast. He had one of the faces that we sometimes see and always think to ourself that man I've seen before, somewhere. Thus it was with me. An old acquantance of mine I call'd him at once, but who, or what he was I could not tell. I took him side, back, and lenghtways, and could make nothing of him. Still that face I could not give up, for I must have know him sometime and somewhere. Still I could not make him. I told him and got his [one word illegible, possibly "history"] in part, but where he had lived I had not, and where I had lived he had not been. We at last concluded that I must have seen some one very much like him, but so strange a being I never expect to see again. Whether there was no Lady or three in stage the back seat he would have, and a quarrel, or sudden burst between him and some girl on that seat took place every hour. If she was as ugly as Sin and three times as wicked he would have something to say and do with them. At every stoping place, he was in the Cook's rooms, talking to them untill the Stage horn blew. In the stage Sometimes he was spirited and at others we could not obtain one word out of him. As we left Barre, we took in a Boston family that had been to see their country cousins. They consisted of old and young and had never as I think been before out of the hearing of the old South's bell. Tho there was a mother and grandmother among [them], they were in my mind children. I tol'd them I was from the South, and told them horrid stores enoung to keep them and their children in their own corners. The elder part of the females, told long stories of high folks, and the last fashions, but their conversation smack very much of the bakery. In fact one of the children by accident Oh! horred, blab the tale, on seeing a high pile of wood as we rode along. Bakers should leave their children at home, when they wish to pass for something else, but I will lay my horse against a hot loaf, that before they have talk'd in a social way one hour, their conversations will smack highly of their professions, try to hide as they may. So fair well to would be greatness. I had rather have a man without a coat, than the coat without the man. It appears these times as if Nature or something else made the tailors, and the tailors make the man.

Lancaster, Ms. The stage stop'd at Lancaster, where I bid fare well to the bakers, and to the queer gentleman of N. H. This town is a large, handsome, and very fashionable country place. Many of people are natives of other places, that were attracted here by its [one word illegible, possibly "rural"] scenery, the beauty and situation of the town which have induced them to make it their permanate residence. Literature is here Cultivated,

the Literati are numerous. Their Bookstore and library are well encouraged. I had many fine rides thro and round the place. The young Ladies I found well cultivated, aimable and polite. Those who one could call a beauty were rather few, yet there was one languishing fair one that made me think of the place a year and a day. My other connections would admit of no longer thoughts on it without revisiting the place which I have not done, and should I at this distant period she would be gone. As to the men they were what a Southerner would call prime for a bang up, or a go by themselfs a tavern spre, or a midnight carousal, on systematicas principals. But to the fair sex, for attention, and address, they are behind some towns, that I have seen. Their company I was fond of, and parted with them over a table well laid and at parting it shew'd no broken glass, tho many the empty one and pieces of Segars, but Adieu I may not see you again.

Stage. At a day appoint'd I took the Stage for home [at] which altho, I had not seen [it] for three years, I made but little halt, stoping when and as long as took a fancy too. We were to stop after going five miles to change Horses. We should then have 30 ms. to Boston. A mile or two before we came to the stoping place, we had two stages ours, and another. We had first myself, and two more Southerns, six more men, and one woman. She had seen by the looks I judged more Summers than had ever help'd her looks. The other stage had ten passingers, but one man. As I saw all this I thought it was not according to Hoile or Gunter, and that it must be altered.

Yankee Girls. We both drove up together. From the other stage my eye was cought by two young [Yankee girls] as handsome as they were active making a bound from the stage to the house. Thinks I to myself, I must know more about you, ere we part. After dinner I intended to take the other stage as both were of the same line, but while I stop'd to smoke in the house, every one had taken a seat. Thinks I, put me where you will I shall at least have as good a seat as I had before. As I look'd out to me stage I saw the old nine and low those young girls were with them. One man got out and took the other stage. As I came up the driver said I must take the other also. I saw my two young Southerns seated as happy as young popposes, with the girls. So I told Mr Driver I could do no such thing. He said I must. I answer'd that my baggage, and companions were there, and I would also be there, and there was no must in the business, and my old stage I would have. After a long altercation on all sides, the girls proposed for me to set between them, and there was not room between them to stow a Yankee pancake. As I was about to except this seat a Gent in the stage said he would get out, rather than have so many in there. The way appeared short. The time flew merry along, and I thought only of the present.

Yankee Notions. On this route from Albany to Boston, words and actions that I had long forgot, became before me every day. The Yankee terms of

I'll *lick* you, don't *haunt* me, you *hadent* ought to, wite for white, and many others I had forgot. Salt fish on Saturday, cold meat on Sunday, pudding and beans on Monday, and every body washing this day now came before. For three years I had forgot all this regularity I had not been to used to. One Monday, I rode over fifty miles in Mass. Most every house had clothes hanging out on the whole rout. I have been ask'd from what all this regular way of work sprung, or what keeps them in such order now, but I never could answer the question. Why it is now keep up, I know not. The people of N. E. are to be sure very tenacious of their old customs. It is hard for them to break off and perhaps there is no use for it in the order of things I have mentioned. There is no crime or sin in any regular manner of work, and of course none in this. Its the general plan in Cities of every one moving and taken a new house on the first of May. In this regular way of doing I can find much fault. It causes much commotion, and confusion in the streets. It sets every dray and carman at work, and then there is not enough to do it on that day. This particular will wear off by & by, and so will eating and washing Notions. Young married couples already begin to think it foolish. The next generation will be more strong in their beliefs. At the end of a half century, it will be a oddity to the natives, as it is now to Strangers. Time must and will break down all old customs.

Home. June the 14, 1824, Found me in Boston after an absence of three years. As the stage went thro the enjoining towns, that I began to remember, the thoughts of Home began to have a place in my mind. The rapid and wild conversation of my fair stage companions were losing their force on me. I grew pensive, and ponder'd deap in mind. Boston and her steaples appear'd in full view. The sun was but an hour high, at the very place to thro a thousand pleasant rays on all around. Charlestown my natal town, I saw. I could trace every street, and every old house. Unlike Boston, she kept the even tenor of her way, and what the traveler saw ten years ago, he can now see. The thoughts of my early, and happy days rush'd with all their force upon me. The very grave yard of my forefathers I saw, and could almost point out my Father's white grave stone. All this did not overpower me, but it made me turn away my head to other views. Mentally I exclamed what am I. Why was I created, and for what must I go on. Chase every pleasure, pass my time as I can, or forever ponder on the loss of relations. I have many. Every year one drops off. Shall I pause and lamant his loss, or mind none but myself, I thought. Amid Boston and her million houses, can there be one that waits my comeing and "whose eye will brighten when I come." Who will expect more pleasure and happiness this summer, while I am here than they had had before. No there is none. Not one but has their plans and pleasures laid down for tomorrow, whether I come or not. My presence will not enhance their pleasures, nor will my absence lessen it. An inward cry, exclaimed be and think for yourself, on your

own exertions and resources depend, be happy while you can, think not of others, only while with them. As the door shuts them from your sight, so shut them from your memory. Let not the thoughts of by gone days, or days to come intrude, sufficient for the day, [one word effaced, probably "are"] its Evils. Think of what and who thats' before you, and no more. This summer enjoy yourself, and when you leave, forget all you have seen, and go back contented to the South. We rattled over the Bridge. Houses, Stores and steeples, seem'd to pass before me. As I could read the signs over the stores I could remember some. As we came into town, I began to see old faces that I once knew. Boston I found in all its splendour. I left it a great town, and found it a great City, having been altered in my absence. The next day, I call'd on my old employer. He did not know me. In the streets I passed and jostled my very relations, without their recognizing me. I call'd at their houses, and before night was tired of telling my own Name. Strange that a few years could alter me so much, but it had.

Lynn. The *15 or 16 of June 1824,* I reached Lynn, and found it as I left it with a very few alterations. It will take but a very small place in the other world to hold some of the souls of this town, for some of them are unusually small. Here I staid a week at the tavern. I can reccommend their Yellow Havannahs, and their Bourdeaux and Jamacias. The girls of this place, I might have said Ladies, but it does really sound too formal for those we love, I found much improved, and enjoyed all my time while in Lynn with them very pleasantly.

I after one week, started for Portsmouth N. H. on the presing invitation of one, who, if there is any one cares a jot for me, it's him. We passed the quiet town of Salem, of which I can say nothing and thro Neburport [Newburyport] which is pretty much the same. Here is a famous chain bridge. I wish'd I could stop'd to view it an hour, but could not. There is some difference in the country between B. and P., and Boston and Albany, but writing at this distant period I can hardy say in what that difference consists.

Portsmouth. We reach'd P. a little before sun set. I saw but little in this place from other towns, East or West of it, and can say but little for the place, and nothing against it. It is a sober, quiet place like in some respects to Salem. The natives of the place are more fond of it, I expect than Strangers, and if the navy yard was removed there would be but few of them. The curiosities of P. are few at least to my knowledge. They have a bridge here that the model was taken (I reckon) from the accts. they heard of the Sea Serpent. For my part I prefer a more direct looking bridge. The Inhabitants of P. are a fine generous and hospitable set of people. In the latter they might vie with the Southern States. In the former they go before the South. If I were to say the Ladies in P. were more beautifull than their neighbors, they might not believe it. So I will only say, I've seen as hand-

some a thousand miles off. As they have not been so far from home they can not doubt it. But better and more agreeable company I never was in, and do not expect to ever see. The place presents a fair sample of young men, but they are not all her sons. My stay was short. It was my intention to return in a month, but unforeseen accidents prevent'd. I have often wish'd my stay had been protracted, and mourn my departure. Noble souls and expansive minds I admire. Here I found them. Portsmouth I leave you. I shall long remember you, and may my name sometimes pass among your people.

I left P. for Lynn, with an Uncle & a more jumbled up set of passingers we had than ever rode in one stage. If the jumble had consisted of a mixture, or a variety, I could have done better. The driver, being a man above his seat, I took his seat, and found the most pleasure in his company.

Dorchester. Found Lynn as I left it and soon left it, as I found it, and sported my hour in Boston, & Dorchester. From the latter place of all places, Strangers keep away, unless you wish to rest the sole of your foot, the edge of your tongue, and let your sences lie dormant a fortnight. If so, heres the place. Its like the City we read of in the Arabian nights where there was many fine houses, but no one about them, all the owners being turn'd into stone. In D. all the owners of houses are in Boston, turning stone into gold and their brass into good acct., leaving their noble Mansions for strangers to gaze at & to try to view their gardens thro stone Walls. But whats a house without some signs of life around it, or a garden without some fair ones gathering its flowers.

Tea Parties. Returned to Lynn, in company with a few others, made up some fish parties for Nahant, Tea parties for the woods, and one for Fresh pond, a few at each others houses. They are unlike Southern parties, and to those that have but little use for their tongue they can afford but little pleasure. To those that can forever keep that member in motion, and know the whole chit chat of the day, they must be a source of great pleasure. To pass in these parties, a man is measured by the quantity of his conversation, and not altogether by the quality. The substance of it is not look'd into, of course. The latter is best if it flows easy. Philosophy, or lectures on Mathematicks, we do not expect in tea parties, but a continual flow of easy conversation, but not to engros the whole company. Ready and wity questions and answers, to hear what is said, answer it and smile at it, is sufficient. To remember it, is not expected. The next day to think you had a very agreeable evening, but for the soul of you can not recollect a word that was passed the whole night, without you happend to have a puss in the corner, where you was flattered and flattering.

Northerners that are much used to company, pass their time very agreeable at these parties. Those that are dull of speech, and can not clasp a Lady's necklace when it becomes by accident or design unclasp'd, cannot

give the retort courteous, give and take in every form and shape, had better stay at home and play two handed all fours. I have always thought and believe I am right in my conjectures, that a Southern man, or one from the North that has lived South a few years, are most calculated for these parties. I would be understood, those that are accostomed to much company at the South, or have been, to those that are would be Philosphers, they are parties of foolishness. I met of a Evening in Lancaster Mass, at a large parties, one of these would be somebodys. There was also a bird of the day there, was fit for any thing or any person. He had a question and answer for every Lady in the room, and a ready repulse for every Gent. that might intrude. Both of them studing a profession.

A Mineralist. The Philospher was also a Mineralist. He had ransack the whole country around for Minerals by which he had lumber'd his chamber. My gay bird was talking and laughing with a circle that he had gathered round him, and held a small bauble in his hand, that appeard to be the subject of their discourse. The other was in vain trying a lecture on Mineralogy, his old hobby. He could not bear this bauble, and in a sharp tune, ask'd the other if that was a child play thing he was amusing the Ladies with. No says the other "its a mineral—would you wish to inspect [it] to." If ever a poor being turnd his face and show'd a down cast look, it was the mineralist. He was done for the night. He could not even raise a word in support of his lecture. If they had hung up among his own Minerals, he would [have] been as good company, as he was the rest of the Evening. He will or should in the future remember that those who compose a tea party, come there for pleasure, not for proffit, to relieave the mind and not to burden it.

Boston. Boston[7] I found alter'd very much since I left it. It has surely improved of late years, and for the better, yet its Evening may come on and hang over them for years, which I expect. Ere long, after a new generation has gain'd the carpet things may change. The present are to bigoted, and will be so. One day or other will the rulers of the "Emporioum" of the new world, see their folly, and stubborness. Yet may that day be distant. While New York is blasting and blewing up rocks, that have defied man from the days of Adam to Clinton's, diging down mountians filling up Valies, and cuting Canals in Every directions, spouting steam, on every stream and river in proud defiance of her Neighbors, Mass. looks calmly on, and contents herself with their Representives every few years. Appointing a few pitefull commissioners to walk over Cape Cod, eat a few clams chowders, and return home as wise as they went. By that time, some other miserable affair is brot before the house, and the commissioners are forgot. When brot to mind, they have forgot what the learnt, must be reappointed to go over the Cape again. In the mean time a few more Men have liberty to establish a new Bank, and shave according to Law,

& woe be unto those that shave otherwise. The birds of the air are allowed to fly where they please, for such & such months, and protected from guns and traps. And the fish are also allowed to run according to Law so many days in the week, and according to Law the Men and Boys have liberty to catch each his score a day, for a half a week at a time. Thus are her wise Legislators passing a way their time, or rather the people's time, as they are well pd for it, while the good people look on and wonder at the New Yorkers doing such acts of immense consequence. At some future day, her legislators may walk out of the house and find a branch of the Erie Canal runing between them and their common. While they have been discoursing the all important question, "have fish a right to the frog pond, and has any body's Cow a right to eat the grass on the Common, or perhaps took up three quarters of the sessions in enquiring how many Newspapers each Members have the liberty of taking at the public expence while there.

New York. An Author in heading his chapters takes a piece from such Brother chips, that suits his subject, and imaging that no compositions of his own is so appropos. So the Bostonians see N. Y. doing wonders on wonders and thinks theres is nothing left for them to do, or if there is N. Y. will soon do it. Boston is every year losing her southern customers. For this she can not be blamed. Her young men go South. They at first purchase goods in B. After establishing there Cr. [credit] they go to N. Y. where they make the most of their future purchases. They find N. Y. a market for all they can send there, the harbour always open, a ready mart, and shipping with all the world. A few cargoes can not glut the place as it will in Boston. A ready Exchange can there be had for the produce of every place under the Sun, that man can reach by wind or steam. N. Y. is the London of America and will one day compare with old London herself. She haves the largest Warehouses, for produce, the most shiping of any City in the Amers. with regular packets runing to every port on our coast, and to all foreign ports, on the rise of her markets on any produce. There are her packets at the South, ready to sail. The Southern Merchant can ship at any time, while for him to ship to Boston he must charter a Vessel for his own use, for its a chance if he finds one bound there at any day. And if the Atlantic and Pacific are not large enough to make her a resort for all, she now has the produce of Millions coming from her interior. The united combination of the seas, the Lakes, the [one word effaced, possibly "steam" or "stream"], Winds, & tide must make her a city one day other.

At Sea. Left Boston Oct. 1824, (it appears, [as] if a [all] I did was done in Oct.) for Wilmington N. C. on board the Brig Columbia Capt. Hibbert, with my Brother William. The Vessel was so old that the underwriters hesitated about insuring her. I had $5000 worth of goods, and con-

cluded if they went to bottom I had better go with them, as I should not wish to have to pay for so much, without any assests in my hands, at the age of 22. She proved a strong and fast sailing Vessel. We passed very [every] vessel we saw on the passage. One Evening saw hundreds of whales, for the first time of seeing them at sea. One storming night during this passage, I saw for the first time a large flame on top of the main mast. I was in my berth. The Capt. call'd us up to see. We look'd at it for an hour, and left it. It appear'd like a real flame of fire burning on top of the mast. What it was I leave to others to enquire for I know not.[8] I have seen a score such of a stormy night, in Carolina swamps, flying in every direction, but not stationary, as this one was. After very pleasant passage of ten days I landed in Wilmington. The difference in my situation, at this time and three years ago came forceable to my mind, and sincerely I thanked my great preserver for his mercies, not only for saving my health in sickly climate, but for conducting me along prosperously, and happily. To be thankfull for my being yet an inhabitant of this world I say nothing, as I am not sure we ought wish it.

A Spree. Open'd Store in Wilmington. Found Business pretty good during the Winter. Nothing of any note transpired this winter, excepting the expectation of seeing Gen. Lafayette in town, which caused three or four subscription papers to go round, one for his supper, one for a dinner, another a Ball. The latter being most congenial to my genius and habits I signed to. When lo, no Lafayette came. The committee had sent to N. Y. for all the good things of the table, and put them away in safety. When they found he was gone another way, they call'd a meeting to reconsider the Subject, they all got how come you so, to be [two words illegible] you, before midnight, or before they could come to any consideration on the affairs, the Lafayette wine that they could not drink, I believe they broke on one anothers heads, then sailed out to examine the Lafayette guns, that had been depositted in the Market house, to be in other [order] to give the signal when the Gen. came. One man took a tourch and trid to fire one of the guns, but he could not find the place to fire her off. He gave his fire to another and began in a zig zag manner to inspect the Muzzle to see what was the matter. While he was inspecting the gun, the other made out to bring the fire and powder in contract. The result was our zealious inspector was thron on a bucker's block,[9] where he laid untill the morning's sun show'd him his situation, when he took the back streets and lains, in his way home. The money the committee had not spent, they paid for window glass broke, and other damage done that night. So ended it.

March 1825 Left W. for Charleston, S. C. partly on business, and partly to consult a Physician on an old complaint the cure of which seem'd as inveterate. Sail'd in the packet Fair haven. In the Evening reach'd the town of Smithville, a place on the Cape Fear bar, whose only consequence

is the U. S. fortification at the place. It is also frequented by the inhabitants of W. in the summer, on acct of health.

A Drowned Man. In making a tack to reach Smithville, we ran foul of a small sail Boat that contained two men and two boys. She being on another tack we struck her boys, which upset her in an instant. One of the men made a spring on board of us vessel and was taken in. The other, a Mr. Springs was a lame man. He sunk at the minute we struck them. The eldest boy continued to swim or rather paddle about in the water. The child (about 2 years old), we did not see at the time. The man that got on board never mentioned it. In letting down our boat at the Vessel's stern, one of the sailors cut the rope that held one end of her, which caused that end to drop and go under water. After leting down the other end, it took some time to bail her out. The Capt join'd in with one man, and bail'd as the man row'd. In the mean time the vessel was leaving the boys whose crys and screams now became horrible. They did not appear to me like the sounds of a human being. In going after the boy, they first saw the child, of which they knew nothing of before. It was a floating on its belly, tossing about by the waves. They took it up and keep the boy in spirits untill they came to him. By this time he had lost all his strength. They were brot. on board. I took the child, and rub'd it for an hour, by puting it back up. I brot out most all the salt water. It then began to breath, and when I sent it on shore it breath'd [one word uncertain, possibly "pretty"] freely. The boy I gave a shirt, and panteloons. We soon recover'd him and I have seen no more of him since. I went to see the Child that night they took him [to] a public house. A half a dozen women had it before a large fire. They had made a bed on the floor close to this fire where they were trying to recover it, by sweating I believe. I tried to induce them to take it away. They thought I was young and knew but little, and persisted in Keeping it there, were it died about two oclock that night. The pilot of our vessel was afterwards arraigned at the bar for his trial for runing over these people, and was acquited. It was said he could have help'd, it and had always said he sould at some future day do something to one of the same men that was in the boat. How true it was I know not. Mr. Springs was an officer of Court and had many papers about him, many of which was never found. Some was found about him, also a box of papers next day. Some loose bundles they never found. The next morning with a fair wind we left Smithville (Sunday). On Wednesday following, we landed in Charleston, South Carolina.

Charleston, S. C. Charleston the largest City of South Carolina, and the second of the Southern States, is a very growing place, and bids fair to rival the Northern Sea ports, and will all of the Middle States. Her Merchants now import their goods direct from Europe, (there is nothing done in the East India trade at this place,) by which means they can sell as low

as the Northern Merchants. Many of the Country traders of Georgia, and the two Carolinas now purchase their goods here, where as they use to send their orders to the North. They find the paper money they take in trade they can pass at no discount in C. [Charleston] and purchase goods even on longer Cr. [credit] than in N. Y. or Boston. Some of her importers have very large establishments, equal to any I ever saw in N. Y. The firm of Parrish & Co. I was told, clear'd in one year $64,000, having disposing of most a Million of goods in one season. I presume there is no one firm in the U. S. that does better. There are a few houses as large as this or nearly so. This spring 1825, there was a glut of all kinds of goods here. They were dayly sacrificed. Ship'd on during the winter by Northern Merchants to sell on consignment, those of this place, found their ware houses Stock with goods. And they wanted to return to the North and they must be sold to meet the drafts drawn them, sell at what they would. Northern Merchants ship goods to the South without Knowing thing of the nature of the Market. Great care should be taking in every place to know what goods is wanted before they ship.

Stationary and fancy articles are often shipd to the South. Sold at auction at a 1000 pr ct less than cost, and ship'd back again, on consignment. Cochineal,[10] I saw sold once for a few shillings a pound, no one present knowing what it was worth. Day & Martin's blacking at 2 & 4 cts. I saw a Grocer once have a large lot of Visiting Cards that he bot, he said, with some other rubbish. He did not know the use of them, and used them to cast a/cs on. He said they were prime to put on cloth to make the price on.

S. C. Churches, Theatres &c. Charleston has every appearance of an old place. The climate I believe makes all the new houses in a twelve month look like all others. There is a large Theatre, a very good curcus, and quite a respectable Museum. The Theatre I thought the best I ever saw. I had seen larger, but it was so arraing'd that every part of it look'd better than those of the North. It had not that heavy and gloomy look of the park of N. Y. or Fanal Str. of Boston. It looks more light, and elegant inside, but very bad out. The price is 1$ sit where you will, the Boxes opening to the pit, like all the Southern Theatres. This place and the Curcus both had good proformers, and while I was there, was well attended. The Museum I expect had but little Customs. There are many large Churches in Charleston, which unlike any I had seen before. They look more like those old churches I have read of in the old country, dark and gigantic, gloomy to the extreem, hung all round with large paintings, of the oldest dates, they look'd.

Jews in S. C. One Saturday the Jew's Sabbath, I attended their meeting at the Synagogue. The Jewess' sat up stairs, the Jews were scatter'd about below in any direction, with their hats on. They sometimes sang from the Hebrew, and sometimes conversed to one another as if they had been on

their high mart, trading. Their priests wore robes & turbans, according to the Hebrew form, and were in a desk or pulpit in the middle of the house. I do not think the Jews have the same feelings and disposition as a Christian has, any more than they have their looks, for any person that is acquanted with them all his life, can tell them by their looks, as soon as he sees them. I have tried to discover where this difference lies, and can only see a something in their Nose and Eyes. The first appears like a hawkes bill, the latter appear to both look down or across the Nose. A City composed wholely of Jews, could never subsist. They must be scatter'd about among Christians, where they can cheat to their heart's delight. They are an odd set every way. I saw the store of one whose name was Abrainham Wolf. He had on his sign a picture of a large Wolf, and the A placed before it. Some of them are very rich. A poor Jew is not so common. The country people do not trade with them as much as they did. The Northern traders, are ruining the Jews. A Jew does not do well in N. England.

Gambling on Sunday. One Sunday Evening, (at the South, Evening begins at 12 Oclock at noon) I walk'd out to the public gardens of Charlestons. They have not been established long, therefor do not show well yet. They are well laid out. At some future day they will compete with Vaxhall or Chatham. There was every kind of gambling going on altho. it was Sunday. Every one of the Summer houses had card parties in them. I was inform'd that it was over the lines, and the city Magistrates could do nothing with it. I was rather inclined to think they did not wish to have any thing to do with it. There was many Jews gambling there, tho' they was not all Jews. There was but little noise there and no confusion. They were rather more peaceable, than they would have been if it had any other days. It was the first Gambling I had ever seen carried on publicly on a Sunday, and rather shock'd me. If I had live a few years in N. O. [New Orleans] I should not have minded it. I never saw any games play'd in N. C. on a Sunday. At this time 1825 Decr. I expect no person where I lived would permit me to see them, for by my oath, I should have to commit them, and if I did not, I expect they would not run the risk of it.[11] It may by & by be stop'd in S. C. tho. there is but little hopes of it. If the people become more civiliz'd polite & Genteel, they do not grow any better.

Camden. Left Charleston in April for Camden in a machin the driver call'd a Stage. I did not like to tell him it was a lie, tho I would not bet it was not one. We had [one word illegible, possibly "five" or "two"] imitation horses, and four passingers. The first day we travilled 23 mls, took a dinner, supper and Breakfast at the same house. The second we made 60 miles, and no dinner, but we had a better appited for supper. Every Evil has its good. The third day made 40 miles, good fare on the road scarce, bugs in their beds, rather inclined to plenty. I expect they were well feed, as they appeard pretty large. Fourth day reach Camden 120 mls,

fare $16.50. I once went from N. E. [New England] to Albany, 160 mls for two dollars, good fare plenty, bad vermin none, a vast difference here. Camden is situated on the Santee river, 120 mls. from Charleston, and 40 from Columbia the seat of Goverment. Its main street contains all the Stores. Its about One mile long. The others run across this, and are all perfectly strait. The town is well laid out. To the stranger it presents a tolerable handsome appearance. There are many beautifull walks. In fact go where you will in C., the walks are excelent. Like Charleston on both sides of the Streets there is the pride of India, or China trees planted. At this season of the [year] they were all in bloom and look'd beautifully. I never saw streets look'd so handsome as these at this time.

All the Houses in Camden have piazzas, the end of the house fronting the street. This end of the piazza, boarded up, in which was the door. Most of them have gardens, the monthly flora blooming in them the whole year. This is an increasing place, and will in a few years be a large town. There is now much business done. Large quantities of produce bot up and ship'd to Charleston. Their tow boats are now 20 days coming for C. They expect a steam Boat to run the first of 1825, which will facilitate there trade. There is also a Turnpike building to C. and much they wanted it. I hope if they have ever a toll Keeper he will keep something to eat, for the stomachs sake. When all this is accomplished the trade will increase very much.

A Southern Store. Many of the stores here have divisions in them, having doors from one to the other, that they may have W. I. [West Indian] goods in one apartment and dry goods in another. Not like most of the stores at the South, where every thing is all mix'd up together, boards for Coffins, Mills for Coffee, fiddle strings, and boat Cables, the best of Bacon, for they are a judge of that, and the worsed of Callicoes. They are no judge of these. Or walk in "Stranger" "whats wanted a 1000 wt. of Carolina hams, or I reckon you prefer middlings, maybe should like [?] a [one word effaced, possibly "hhd," meaning "hogshead"] of rum, a half pt of Whiskey, a bag of coffee, or a coffee mill, Calomel,[12] jalop,[13] or Canton crapes, a chine[14] of meat, a yard of India chints, or a lb. of cheese, two kinds of chitterlings,[15] one from Hogs, the other for Dandies. Mr. A. a letter in the Office for you. Mr. B. I've give Judgement against you for Ninty dollars." "Can't help it, must be fair. Will you stay it, and by who, or shall I give Execution, and tell the Officer to levy on your property." "Mr. C. what do you ask for your Cotten or Rice. I'll give you 10 cts in trade, or 9¢ half cash. Will take or will you try the market." "I'll take something to drink." "thats not bad. Stranger, will you drink." Whats your name. Did you come from *Norrad.* Are you going to settle or going to the New States fine rainges for hogs there they tell me. What do you ask for this Rum by the Bbb." "I take another half pt., and pay you when I sell my load." Mr. D. will you give your Note for your a/c, or Confess judge-

ment before Esq F, without cost stay it, and let it stand. Do this, put good security to it, and then you can begin a new a/c. I reckon thats fair, don't you." "I reckon," this is the cant of many a Southern Store. In Camden they have some on better principles, yet many there are the same. I expect a young Man should prefer C. to Charleston, Colombia, or Wilmington as there is not so much competition as at those three places. The mail comes and goes from this place N. & S. twice week. I saw no Book Store, or Auction here. A Southern City must be very large to support the former. They think they have no time to read. There are but few planters read much. Some of them take Newspapers, and some of [them] have a small library. The latter is more common in S. C. than N. C.

Left C. for Fayetteville. In going to Camden I stop'd at the Eutaw Springs. They are about 50 mls from Charleston. The waters had a very peculiar taste. I was show'd the Battle ground. Theres now a corn field there, and no house in sight of the place. It's a high hilly country, poor land I believe.

Cheraw in S. C. After leaving Camden we stop'd at Cheraw. This is a small growing town, had a no of Stores and one large importing house, a branch of a firm in Charleston. Cheraw has one of the finest Hotels I have seen South and the best conducted. The Keeper Knew his business. I wish'd him prosperity, but was afraid his house far to large for the town. It had large gardens behind similar to one I saw (I believe) in Neburyport in Mass, but it was a larger house, and sat a better table, if I am not mistaken. We reach Fayetteville, N. C. the third day. I could say I was pleased with the change in the Scenery around. The roads thro the uper part of S. C. are good. There are on them, or in sight many planters houses that show to great advantage. Their large cotten plantations, a mile or more in width, on smoth level ground doted over here and there with slaves gives a rich appearance to the place. After passing the lines we saw the same on a smaller scales. N. C. can not compete with her Sister in Wealth, in rich Lands and produce of any kinds. The planters of S. C. are I believe more fond of amusements, than those of N. C. at least they will go to great lenghts to gain them.

Spanish Dance. It was in Charleston that I first saw the waltz or Spanish dance. I there attended a number of Balls. At two or three I saw this fascinating dance. The fastidious may condemn it, but I am not of those to do so. I thought while I was a Spectator in the hall that I should never learn it. Those that are its votaries join in it at every opportunity, and I soon became one. Having engaged a partner I join'd in the next dance. At first its Whirling montion made me gidy. I soon understood, and took a partner for Every Waltz. Afterwards, I could not in reality object with a Southern face and grace, to clasping my partner, or the partners of others in the dance. It suited me to little. It rub'd no qualms of conscince or

attacted no point of my principles, but, and this same but is often a damper, was I paying my undivided attentions to some fair object of my heart, and was rapt all and all in her existence, I could not support the anguish of Soul to stand and View her in this same dance to see her claspd by another, and by another hand and Arm, arm & waist, going round the room as if they were in a Whirlwind. It would be too much for my sences. I'd never carry her to such a Ball, and if others would blame me for dancing with theirs, I should merely ask, what they brot them there for. Any person that is fond of the Spanish dance, I would advise to obtain a French girl for a partner. The French Ladies are used to it. They are fond of it to distraction, in fact it suits them in every respect. I had a Lady from France two or three times for a partner. She taught me more lessons, than she learnt of me. She could spin round like a top and carry me with her. When the music put her on the heal, there was no stoping her. My eyes could hardly follow her motions, she was so nibble. The french are all cooks, and dancing Masters, or more fit for these than for any thing else.

A Camden Ball. While in Camden I was invited to a Ball. I had then been there but part of two days. This dance was not Known here. They had the Northern Steps, or figures, or rather those of N. C. Tho' there was not a very large party, I can not flatter the Ladies of Camden by saying there was even a pretty one in the house, puting aside a beautiful one. Wilmington can produce more Beautiful Ladies than any place of its size I ever saw, North or South, and every Stranger will and does join in this opinion, and this is all she can produce, tho' this is something. The richest Lady of W is not worth $5000, and if a pretty one is taken, She is not worth half of that, the more the pityer. I would it were otherwise. Mem. [Memorandum] don't marry for property. Mem. again, who ever married for poverty. Mem. again what must one marry for, if not for property or poverty. Its not that every one can love. Some neither love, or have music in their Souls.

Fayetteville. Arrived in Fayetteville in a very good stage and with ten passingers. This stage is own'd by the Messers. Mallets of F, some half dozen Brothers, who are contracters for carring the Mail to the amt. of 20 or $25,000 a year. They send the Mail in every direction out of F, and own I believe every stage that runs from it, and perhaps all that runs in the State, excepting those in the North Counties.

Fayetteville is a very fine looking place, much larger than W. There is large quantities of cotten sent from it to the latter place to be ship'd. They have now three steam Boats runing 1825, distant from W, 86 or 90 mils, 120 by Water, on the Cape Fear river. I expect the steam Boats are by no means profitable to the owners. The shares are sold when sold at all at a great discount. Their Capts are all able men, and understand their business.

They have good freights all Winter. The charge is about the same as it is from the North to Wilmington.

The road from F. to W. is one continual miserable piece of Land. A worse 90 miles, I do not think can be found in the U. S. It becomes worse as the traveler draws near the latter place. Some Land round W. would not sell for one cent a hundred acres. Its a long tract of sand a foot deap in some places. It deserves the name of Job's turnpike, for the patience thats necessary in traviling it.

Cures of Complaint. I now reach'd Wilmington, after a few weeks absence, no better in my complaint, and $200 the worse in wear of my purse. The person who I attended in Charleston Cured a person of the same complaint, in four operations while I was attending him, which was by a large Electrican machine, cooperating with the Galvanic system. Both of them combined together was powerfull. The professer had a large number of patients. To each he allowed 30 Minutes by themselfs, then to give way to others. He had complaints of every Kind that flesh is heir too. By the list he show'd me of some hundreds that had attended, I found he had cured the least of my complaint. For the gout & the rheumatism, he show'd the largest no. of cures, of every complaint. There was cured partly cured, relieved, or no help, sat down to each, Making a Numerous list of some thousands. This man appeared to have a good stock of information, and yet was rather foolish. It may have been the wise man's foolishness, for ought I Know.

Boy's Bargain. Found my business had gone on as well as I could wish, but found that a certain person, who I thought a friend, had began an undertaken to undermined my Cr, [credit] and cause my failure. This person left home with me with all our youthfull impressions still upon us. We started hand and glove together. It was our intention to seak our fortunes, and rise or fall one with the other. He wish'd to leave home when I did, but would not without I would agree to share the weal—the woe he was not so particular about, I expect, but to both we agreed too. If one was sick the other should help. Each should share in the other's wind falls. We started with the firm, and I believe sincere determination of doing every thing for one another. But alas we were but Boys. Would Men ever leave home, and go into distant countries together bound by such *foolish* conditions. Byron says ["To a Youthful Friend," stanzas 6, 7, 18, 19]

> It boots not, that together bred,
> Our childish days were days of joy;
> My spring of life has quickly fled,
> Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.
>
> And when we bid adieu to youth,
> Slaves to the specious world's control,
> We sigh a long farewell to truth,
> That world corrupts the noblest soul.

AGAIN

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care,
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share.

In time forbear, amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen,
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing but, mean.

But this specious friend loves not Byron, nor could he understand his picture would he read it.

A Hypocrite. About the time of my arrival back to W. this apparant friend wrote on to Boston to three firms, to each he owed. Where I owed a dollar he owed five. Where I had owed one month, he had three, if not more. In each letter he stated that the ultimate consequences of my conduct must be a total failure, ere long. Said conduct was, I neglected my business. I was to much of the gentleman, and nothing could prevent my falling. He being a friend to their interest he could not stand by and see my failure, without informing them of it, that they could secure themselfs before it was too late. If they would send to him the unpaid Notes and a/cs of mine, he would collect by some means or other. They being thus informed, [one] or two of them sent by return mail all they had against me to him. One firm told him to do the same as he would if the papers were his own. The others gave him orders to present their Note, if not paid to take legal means to have it paid. All this was done at his particular request, he then acting a double part, showing himself before our eyes, half in the light, the other half in the dark, a friend to all parties. These orders he rec'd pr mail one night, our mail coming in at night. The next morning he gave me a friendly call soon after breakfast, and presented a draft on me, and the most gentle letter. After reading this, he show'd me the other. I of course was much surprised at this, but if I wonder'd, he did more so. If I thought it strange, he thought it stranger.

Double Dealing. I thought I was as safe then, as I was when I sign'd the Notes. His Kind Soul wonder'd at their hurry, and said he saw no danger, as I was geting along as well as he was, and he hoped they were not going to served him so. We both thought it was the secret Villiany of some one, and could fix the guilt on no one in Wilmington to our satisfaction. He named the time when we began life together, plead his long love, the support we had been to each other, the services I had been to him, the favors I had granted. And could he forget it? No rather forget the Lands of his nativity. And now must he go into court against me. No, he would the next mail write back & assure our creditors that there was no danger. Had I been told there was in days of yore, or in our days, such a Hypocrite, I could

hardly believed it. The result of the affair was, the orders and papers were recall'd. I had an apology from each Creditor that they had been mislead. This friend afterwards, laid the charge to a W. Merchant; he proved his innocence. He then charg'd another, and finally owned it, and made or try'd to make some excuses for his behaviour. It was the cause of much uneasyness to me. I stood in a strange country away from home, without support, & without capital, and to have my character ruined. I thought I indeed must fall. But I stood this unusual crush, this unfair way of proceeding.

False Reports. As if this Hyena in mens cloths had not satiated him in my distres sufficiently, on his return to Mass. that summer he spread a report that I was not only ruined in business, but in both body and soul—"a Southerner in every sence of the word, a gambler". Mem. he and I once lost two dollars at a table, the most I ever lost by cards, hence his information. He had ocular demonstration for his assertions on the point. "A drunkard." Mem. He never saw it, or heard of it. He once help'd get a young man from Boston in that situation. This youth was what we call a green one, just come on. To use his own words next morning, he saw the begining but could not see the ending. "I frequented a gambling house seven nights in a week, always at the Theatre." To the latter we both went. He [one word illegible, possibly "boarded"] with and Actres, and so did I. We both saw them home, some nights after the proformance. He rode out and walk out with his. He was debar'd a certain house, because he would not do the same with its inmates. They were of a kind of a half reputable set, the other half doubtfull. Still I did not, nor will not blame him for this. These reports he propageted at the North by means of female conveyance. He know if he whisper'd them to one, they would spread fast enough, for the cupidity for the hearers, and reporters. They did spread, and my nearest Relations that should rose up against them, gave way, sunk under the reports and believed them—they were easy of belief—and have my thanks for the confidence they placed in my morals.[16]

The Result of Friendship. At the beginning of this summer 1825, this man's interfering in my affairs was the cause of perpetual grief to me for months. I then had one with whom I could commune. He could even by advice at that time alleviate my distress. At the time I was on my way to W from Charleston, My would be friend or rather my pretended one came one Evening and told my Brother, (the one I just mentioned) not to open my store the next morning, as such a Merchant in town was going to lay an attachment on my goods. Had he took his advice, he forsaw the consequence. I away the store shut up, it then would have tallied with the letters he had sent to the North about my failure. Whether he depended on thus tampering with my Brother, and frightening him to keep the Store shut up, thus to correspond with the contents of his letters, I know not. Be his atten-

tion what they were he miss'd them. My Brother knew I did not owe this merchant a cent, nor fifty dollars in Wilmington, excepting a draft in the Bank, that he had money in the desk to pay, when ever it was due, and had lent money to this "pretended", not having a use for it and held his due Bill for it. He open'd of course next morning as usual. The sorrow this affair cost me was lost by a greater one on the *4th of Sept 1825*. I lost this Brother. If I never grieved before, I now did. But at this distant period it hurts me to talk or write of him. I must be silent on this subject. I would not open new wounds. They are barely done runing at this time. A short week after this affliction letters came from my Brother and Sister at the North remonstrating with me for my infamous conduct, as they were pleased to call it. I wonder'd if I was forever to be a mark for sorrow to point her arrows at, and if I was, I should prefer for one to hit me in the head or heart.

But after a month or two, a light heart &c as they the song goes carried me thro. I laugh'd at the idle and envious brain of others, who bore me any ill will, and dared them to the combat to again hurt my feelings in any point. They have been prob'd untill they have become callous, and now put envy at her distance, and would smile at her coming.

This man left W in July 1826, with his Lady, for home. A few days after his departure a Note of his that a merchant had indorsed and papers in the Bank, became due. It was presented to his clerk. Not paid it was protested. He had in the vessel he sail'd in carried back to N. Y. some of his goods. There was nothing said or thought about that. But a few days after the Note was presented his clerk began to ship for the North the ballance of his goods, including what furniture he had. This created some suspicion. A Writ of Attachment was then taken out, and all his things taken out of the Vessel by the Officer. He was fond of seeing his name in the daily papers. It now stands conspicuously there in a number of places, signed by the clerk of the court, "to come forward and show cause &c." How this may end I know not. If his Northern Creditors do not hear of it all will be well. There was various opinions form'd about his having his goods sent off, as he gave his clerk orders to do, and his telling he was going to sail in N. Y. packet and then going off in a common coaster that laid down below or at the bar, thirty miles from town. The real reason I know not. If he had any sinister design I Know nothing of it. This affair has carried rather beyond my dates. I now retrack a year and begin again.

Removal. In the fall of 1825, I shut up store in Wilmington and open'd one at Rockfish, Duplin County N. C. about 40 mls. from W. Rockfish [which is situated] on a creek of that name, a branch of the Cape Fear is a pleasant place for one fond of solitude. For the sake of the latter, I left W. My old complaint render'd it necessary for me to leave a place of much company, and settle in a Neighborhood, where every person would soon

know me, and where it would occation less distress to me than in town. Thence the cause of my leaving a town that contain'd much to make life agreeable, and retire to the country, where man is but half civilized or where one half are in that situation.

A Commission. At the latter part of 1825, The Gov. with and by the advice of our General Assembly held in Nov & Decr. appointed me Justice of the peace, and Justice of the County Court of pleas and quarter sessions for the County of Duplin, North Carolina. For a youth of 23 to hold this office created some surprise. It caused some stir in the County, partly for this cause but mostly on a/c of my being a "Yankee." I am the only Northerner in the State thats a Justice, to my Knowledge. There may be others and I not know them. It was said it was very strange that there was not men enough that belong'd to the County fit for the office without appointing a Stranger to hold it. In time this died away like every other stir or noise. It made me carry a bold and stedfast cause, show no partiality but Justice to the rich or poor. I have had in the first six months my name to sign over 500 times. In fact I have signed it fifty times in one day, and have done so, three or four days. Thus far I have run well I believe.

Trials. The greatest trial I have held was for perjury or false swearing. The plaintiff was an Old Magistrage, the Defendent the Cryer of our Court, formerly a Magistrage. He was one of the first men in the County. The affair began it was suppos'd in sheer Maliciousness, the plaintif being very hostile and Malignant against the other. There was many Witnesses, and only myself to attend to it. I had much other business to attend to that day and would have put the trial off, and in fact refused to act on the case, had not the Defendent urged me to conduct it and settle the affair. I finally cast the plaintif for Costs &c and there has been no more said about it. The same plt. had a civil case against the same Dft. It was a very difficult affair, not being a common debt. The same was the cause of the trial for perjury. He had carried it before two Magistrates, one cast him, the other refused to act. I also cast him for Costs &c., and that ended both suits. The parties have been at war with each other ever since. This Magistrate has since indicted his opponent in Court on some old affair, and gain'd his case, casting him in a fine of $20 and cost of suit. His opponent has now picked up some old scrape of the Magistrate and intends to have him in Law, the next Court. Out of all the trials I ever held, and gave Judgement on, there has been two appeals to a higher Court. The case was, a man brot. two actions against his Neighbor (both men of Wealth) for seting fire to his woods without giving him two days notice according to Law. He had it tried before an old Justice, who cast him. The Justice said the Law did not mean as it read, requiring two days notice to be given, only when the man put out fire thro Malicious Motives. If the Law expect in that case a man will give notice, its mistaken. He does it then in all secretcy and we

expect nothing more. One case was proved. In that I cast the Dft. to the pelalty [penalty] of fifty dollars. The other case was not proved. I cast the Plaintif. In the two cases the both gaind one, both lostd one and both appeal'd to Court, being the only appeals I ever had craved from my decision. When this plt. had it tried before, he lost both cases and appeal'd. A week afterwards he withdrew the appeals, and began the suits over again, when the officer ruled them to trial before me. How they will go in court, I know not, but hope the same as I gave, which is generally thought will be the case. They are the only trials of the Kind I ever Knew here, it not being customary for Neighbors to sue one another under the act. of fifty dollars penalty.

Justice. The office of Magistrate in N. C. can not be call'd a post of much honour, tho' it is and must be an office of great importance the incumbent haveing great power by virtue of his commission. The fees attached to it are nothing, it clears the holder from other duties, and is of other moment to him. What difference there is in the Northern & Southern office I know not, being young when I left home. And I expect but few people there no much about the office or any other in their Courts. Here it protects his person. This clause is much in the Southern County. As reads the following acts, "A Justice of the peace ought not to be proceeded against hastily, nor will he be in any case, even though he acts illegally, if he has acted honestly and candidly without oppression, malice or any bad view." "A man is indictable for saying to a Justice, that he is a rogue, liar, or any opprobrious words, and may be bound over by him for the same." This is of much use to a man here, where a blow is the word for any thing. No man in his right mind will fight or quarrel with another person, if a Justice is present, to give fair play to all parties. I've seen a Justice go out of sight, and let them fight it out, but if I did not wish to arrest them, I would not hide myself, but stand and see them fight if I wanted them to do so. It is a very contemptable way of going by one's oath, a mere whiping his Satanic Magestry round the stump. I make it a practice to command to stop. If they do so, its well, if not, I arrest them, or let them alone at the time, and inform against them the next court.

The summer of 1826 goes by, and does not find me at the North. The whole time here was very sickly, occationed I presume by the dry wheather of which such another dry season can not be remembered by any. The sickness about me, [was] beyond on precedent for the Country. There was hardly a person besides myself in my Neighborhood but what was sick between May & October 1826. My Landlord died and many of my customers, among the latter one very heavy on my Books. I put that down to loss & gain. In time hope the act of the former will not Kick the beam.

Conclusion. During the year 1825, I've purchased a plantation, containing a house, out houses, stables, &c., and 280 acres of Land. Took it in part

for a debt, paid the ballance to the owner. (Mem. been offer'd a Negro for it.) September 1826 Rec'd from John McLean the commission of post office, dated Sept. 14th 1826, two days before I was 24 years old, being the third commission I've accepted in N. C. Mem. what good do they all do. Office to be at my Store, Rockfish, Duplin Co. N. C. The proceeds of this office must be very small, still it will be of much use to me in my own letters, for often I wish to send but a few lines, and those on some subject of little consequence, to some distance acquantance, but the postage interferes. The sum is small, but large for a small subject that I might write upon on. It will in this case play in my hands. This office, the office of Magistrate and a proper attention to my other business will Keep me in full business. If I attend to all, I shall hardly ever be idle. The Post Office takes up but little time, the office of Justice I never let intrude on my other affairs. If a case should happen to come before me, it must be very urgent for me to neglect my own affairs to attend to it. When I am at leasure I attend to all cases with pleasure and patience. October 4th 1824.

Reflections. I have long seen things as they are not. It is now time I should view them as they are. Such were my thoughts, as I read the last line of the other page and drew my thumb over all the leaves of this "Itinerary" and began building castles in the air. Why thought I, was I not born with a fortune. I can spend like a nabob, am as careless of fate as any one, am indifferent to all and Every thing. I asked not the smile, fear not the frown, of man. I am neither humble or arrogant to him. I pass him, as he passes me. Why then am I doom'd to lead the life I do. But it 'tis so, its fates unalterable decree. 'tis gone forth and is established, and to my fate I must submit without a murmer, and what is more I will do so, 'tis my endeavour in future. But as in the days of my youth, I can not enjoy all I wish for. Let me by a constant industry, and perseverance persist in a certain line of conduct, that shall lead on to those enjoyment, that I now pant for. To gain Wealth, which is the rich man's contumacy, the Phylosipher's contempt, and the want thereof the poor man's contemptibility and vileness. Shall I lay aside all thats noble in my nature, stoop to any means & measures to gain it, give up all that makes life agreeable, and pass my time solely in acquiring it. no! What I fancy, what I delight in is mine, if the means present themselfs. I'll not forswear myself of every pleasure, to make my purse outweigh my neighbors. I'll give up a perpitual thinking a Melancholy that haunts my soul, fly to rational pleasures, and leave unrational thought and still not be "An ignis-fatous gleam of love." But I must have a constant view over my every actions. Here I dip to deap in the pleasures of the World. For those that imagine that time can ever give rest to the guilty mind, or that money can gain real friends, or even pleasure, to the person who has done in early life deeds, that he would in more mature years, give willingly and wisely his whole fortune to undo,

could it be done, or to entirely or in part eradicate from his own memory, puting aside the Knowledge of his companions, the impression it had made there, and continues to make on his conscience will certainly be mistaken in his calculations. He will find it rather increases than decreases, and will, while he breaths, in this world. About the other world, I am not prepared to say. Its said in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, and in the multitude of ministers, there is confusion so I can not decide. But only

> To think man is no more than man,
> To do no hurt, but what good you can,
> If thats your call as through life you wend,
> As you grow old, you'll that life amend.

But alack aday! Who'd think that I should become poetic. When that appears, the lance should appear also. I'll even stop, or some may call the physician. FINIS.

Preamble. The preamble being a Kind of precarious affair it matters not if it comes last, or first, and but little if it comes at all. Some months ago, I made an offer of "the Book" to a friend a thousand miles from me. He in duty bound offer'd "to accept it with pleasure", "would be happy &c. &c.", but he has not been in duty bound to ask for it since, or even to recollect it. Out of friendship I have made up a Kind of a half way excuse for his remissness in this affair. Viz 1st a man of good business. Sd [said?] good business he had to attend to. 2d he did not know the enestimable quality of the invaluable contents of "the Book" the want thereof of sd Knowledge, did not urge him to repeat his request. 3d He had besides much business, much courting to attend. That there ever [is] an end to this we Know, and to this very case there has been one. Yet and still, the time of joining his fate to another has novelty, and this latter has not wore of. This novelty can not become stronger, but may their plight become firmer. Now I could wish to offer my congratulations, on this occation, having only seeing it announced in the public prints, and not direct from either of the parties I am not yet to believe it 'tis so. Could he not have wrote merely this, I am married therefor can not write. By this I should have know as much as if he had fill'd sheets. NB. in every other heading I have made a mistake.

But I degress, and who would not, when on the subject of Love. In the cold it heats us, and it the heat it oft cools us. It has cost some there lifes. Should I complain at only the loss of one page of "the Book". Not I. I e'en could wish it would cost me the loss of a few nights sleep, not in a week, but now and then, I'd bear it. But no. It runs not in my veins. If I ever see a fair object I may think of her, and should I that day see three more, my ideas are all out can not come down to the first, but keep the whole in view. Thus spilts my love. Would it hang on one, perhaps it might grow stronger, but the traveller never loves. He has seen to many for that. He bows to all, But thinks of none.

The Why and the Wherefore. Having as I before said offer'd this Book, I have this last month, by the help of Lamps and midnight silence, tried to finish it, and have done so. I shall send it the thousand miles for this reason, that with the person to whom I send it, I consider it safe, and if we are permited to see one another some ten years hence, I wish to read it. I began and went thro, for these few reasons, to pass away my leasure time, the time that others spend in "sweet converse" that I am debar'd from. Secondly, because I took a notion to write on the first page as I did, and that page pleas'd me, and I went on with it. Thirdly, that I might read my own writing some years after this, and to recollect the particular dates having every concurence done up together. My Itinerary was partly composed from scraps, that I had thrown in my trunk, wrote some at the desk, some in my chambers, others at different Hotels after riding all day, and others on ship board. Wishing to get rid of so many loose papers, and yet preserve their contents, I have put them all together. I have never read over one quarter of My Itinerary, for I thought the trouble of writing was anough for one five years, without the reading. The part that I have read I found full of errors, mistakes, and bad spelling and would read no more. To "My friend a thousand miles off" I would observe, you now know my reasons for writing this Book. If you should take a pleasure in reading it, and can understand it without too much trouble, it will be a pleasure to me to hear of it. A source of proffit or instruction, I do not expect it will be. Should it however tho' its against my expectations, afford you any amusement or any of the above named, and you should wish to lend it, be carefull where it goes. A close made trunk with a good Key, and that key in your pocket would suit My Itinerary.

Farewell. So farewell my friend. Tho. a thousand miles off, may neither time nor space be a cause of our forgeting one another, at least while one's above ground may he remember the other. 1826

[*Summary*] My entrance in this happy go Lucky World, with its half grief and the other half smiles was Sept. 16, 1802 in Charlestown, Mass. Father died there [one word illegible, possibly "think"], April 18 1808, Ag 39. Left Charlestown 1813 for Lynn, Mass. Left Lynn, Oct. 1817, for Boston, to learn the art of making Books—poor business. [One word illegible, possibly "Mechanics"] bow your heads, don't be stubbord, could not bear subjection. Mother died in Lynn, April 1818, Aged 47. There went the last of my peace and innocence. Peace be to her and may I die in peace.

Left my place for another 1819, in Boston. Found I had jumped from the pan into the coals. My collar began to chafe me. As I grew up saw the halter plainer, thought it might grow too strong. Left my trade, and Boston too, Oct. 1821, for Wilmington N. Carolina.

Arrived in W. Oct. 28, Seven days passage. Found nobody there but Slaves, the whites had left on a/c of the yellow fever, that was there at the

greatest rage. Queer reflections on my part, in a strange country. Did not know one Soul in the place, had no friends, no business, and not much money. Thought all day on the subject, and dreamt on the same at Night. Stood it out. In two weeks commenced as a clerk. 1822 Feb. went to Bermuda. Came back in April. June commenced business at Moore's Creek in Co. with Mr. F. G. Thurston, of Mass. Thought our friendship of the strongest Kind. It was but a young man thoughts. July desolved went home, had to tell half of my relations my name. Wonder they had not forgot name and all, 'spose they have by this time. Oct. 1824 commenced business alone in Wilmington N. C. March, 1825, Went to Charleston S. C. to cure a complaint that had troubled me two years. Came back no better, my pocket the worse for wear by $200. Aug. 18, 1825, Went to Duplin Co. and open a store. Quit W Sept 4th 1825. Lost my Brother William, in W. Thought I had had distress before and drank its dregs. At this time found I had never tasted of it before. Peace to the soul, and respect for ever for thy memory, my Brother.

January 18, 1826, Qualified in Duplin N. C. Court House as Justice of the peace, and of the quarter sessions, being appointed by the Gov. and House of Assembly some months before, Aged 23, rather young for a Magistrate. Retorts not cortious came thick from home on the Office. Sign'd my name Seventy times or over that week to Law papers. Slack'd off some since then. It is rather an ungrateful office in N. C.

Sept. 26 1826, Rec'd a Post Office Commission dated the 14 two days before I was 24 years old.

Sept. 28, Heard of E. L. C.'s[17] Marriage An undertaken I am not qualified for. Fear I should get tired As I never lived with any a year, but what I found fault with them. Peace and happiness to you both. A half century from now if you live may you have more yellow eagle pieces, than yellow headed children. What next—*others may have to write it.*
Oct. 1st 1826[18]

NOTES

5. The Bahamas.
6. Ballston Spa, north of Schenectady, New York.
7. Larkin records here that this paragraph was copied from his "Extracts of 1824."
8. St. Elmo's fire is the popular name of such an appearance. It is seen especially in southern climates during storms. It is the discharge of atmospheric electricity which usually appears as a tip of light on the extremities of pointed objects. Sailors regard the fire as the visible sign of guardianship of St. Erasmus, the patron saint of Mediterranean seamen.
9. Butcher's block.
10. Cochineal is a dyestuff made of the dried bodies of females of an insect found in Mexico and Central America.
11. Larkin was a justice of the peace at this time.
12. Calomel is a mercurous chloride which is used in medicine as a mercurial, purgative, and anthelmintic.

13. Jalap is a drug made from the purgative tuberous root of any of several Mexican convolvulaceous plants.
14. The chine is a piece of the backbone of an animal with adjoining parts, cut for cooking.
15. Chitterlings are the smaller intestines of swine.
16. The man who undermined Larkin was F. G. Thurston. The original partnership agreement made on June 20, 1822, between Larkin and Thurston may be found in the Larkin Documents for the History of California, 1839-1856, No. 283, in the Bancroft Library, University of California. The agreement was drawn up in New Hanover County, North Carolina. It was dissolved after two years, but on October 24, 1843, it was renewed. Evidently the men became friends again.
17. Probably E. L. Childs, of Washington, D. C.
18. Apparently the date of his last entry.

NEW MEMBERS

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Brehm, James R.	Pasadena	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Brush, Spencer	San Francisco	Mr. Colis Mitchum
Chickering, Allen L., Jr.	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Duperu, Alphonse	San Anselmo	Mr. Douglas S. Watson
Fox, Walter C., Jr.	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Howell, Warren R.	San Francisco	Mr. John Howell
Keil, Edward D.	San Francisco	Albert Shumate, M.D.
Long, Robert W.	Warner Hot Springs	Mr. Griffith Henshaw
Miller, G. Willard	Piedmont	Mr. Jack Okell
O'Dowd, Paul T.	San Francisco	A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D.
Raggio, Mrs. Norma T.	Piedmont	Mr. Jack Okell
Roop, Mrs. W. P.	Woodbury, N. J.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
San Francisco Junior College	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
San Joaquin Pioneer and Historical Society	Stockton	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Schilling, Mrs. Rudolph	Redwood City	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Simmons, Mrs. G. C.	Inverness, Calif.	Mr. Jack Okell
Stimmel, George	San Francisco	Mr. Jack Okell
Tinning, Archibald B.	Piedmont	Mr. Anson S. Blake
Walsh, Edward M.	Oakland	Mr. A. S. Macdonald
Welch, Andrew	San Francisco	Mr. Allen L. Chickering
Wood, Mrs. Baldwin	San Francisco	Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee
Wood, Mrs. Samuel A.	San Francisco	Miss Eleanor Davenport

WORKING FOR WELLS FARGO—1860-1863*

Letters of Charles T. Blake

Arranged for Publication by His Son

Anson S. Blake

(Concluded)

Charles T. Blake to C. T. H. Palmer and Edwin Tyler

Walla Walla, W. T., April 17, 1863

So far on the road to Boise. Came this far with Sam Knight and Tom Cole. Met Woodward, travelling agent for Oregon and Wash. Terr. here and also Smith, the Lewiston Agent, Hi Smith's brother. There was some talk of Woodward going out in a Concord wagon to look out a wagon route into Placerville, but there is too much snow on the Blue Mountains now to make that practicable. So I am to go in ahead alone, and take items and Woodward will try to work in with his wagon in about a month. In the meantime a messenger will start in from here about once a week to communicate with me. I start from here in the lightest possible trim as to Express apparatus. A small forwarding receipt book, a check book, a lot of way bills, and an agency appointment, with a few franks, are all my stock in trade. It seems Tracy appointed an agent some two months ago who started out from Lewiston with a box containing a full express and gold dust apparatus. He went out with a lot of horses and had with him a man named Getzler from the Lewiston office. Some three weeks ago Getzler returned saying that the party were camped in the snow on Little Salmon River and that Jones was going to work his way in to Placerville on snow shoes. Since that time nothing has been heard from Jones or his party. Now there has been a great row in the express here for the last three or four weeks. Tracy resigned his situation to keep from being turned out, and a great many of the agents appointed by him have got to go. Jones it seems is particularly repugnant to the powers that be, and they are quite anxious that I should get in there ahead of him. In case I find him there though, I have the papers, etc., authorizing me to take possession of the office and turn him out. It will be an awkward thing to do, especially if he shows fight, but I guess I shall "make the riffle."

I am to start tomorrow morning with a mule passenger train which is going through with about a dozen passengers. The distance is three hundred miles and we expect to make it in about ten days. There are stations on the road at

*This paper was read before the Annual Meeting of the California Historical Society, January 22, 1937.

such intervals that we can make one every night but one. They take me and my baggage for $75.00 and the board will be $30.00 more. I am told however to send down with my first statement a voucher for my passage money from San Francisco to Boise. I had to buy in Portland a complete outfit, blankets, pistols, knife, packing bags, etc., reminding me very strongly of old '49 times. It seems the strangest thing to me that Wells Fargo & Co. should start an office in such an out of the way place. They literally know nothing about the country except that it was reported rich last year, and that all the rush is that way this year. About all the instructions I go in with now are, write every chance you get, write fully. I am to send my letters to the Travelling Agent here and he is to forward them to San Francisco. I have $10,000.00 here in coin to go up to me as soon as I notify them that I want it. My agency appointment authorized me to draw checks on Portland, a thing no other office is allowed to do. I am told to act in any emergency that may arise to the best of my judgment and they will be satisfied. It is said that a stage line is to be started to run in from Salt Lake to those mines, and in that case we shall run in a letter express there and perhaps send California letters that way instead of by Portland.

I had a very pleasant trip from Portland here by steamboat to the Cascades, 65 miles, then three miles afoot, though we might have waited and gone over in some platform cars drawn by mules on a rickety old railroad for the sum of one dollar. Next month a good road will be finished on the other side of the river and the cars will be drawn over by a locomotive. From the head of the Cascades to the Dalles is 45 miles, done by steamboat, then comes 16 miles of staging, now, though a fine railroad is just completed and the cars were to run over next week. Instead of taking a stage, Knight chartered a hack and took Cole and myself over. From Celilo, the upper end of the Chutes is 112 miles to Wallula, where we take stage for this place, 30 miles. I was a little disappointed in the scenery of the Columbia. There is nothing remarkable until you get to the Cascade Mountains, then it reminds you of the Hudson at West Point only not so fine I think. About the Dalles a new style of scenery sets in which lasts all the way to Wallula. Huge ranges of basaltic dykes line the river, sometimes in straight high precipices and sometimes sloping back with steps, but always black, bare and treeless, always fronting square on the river, and sometimes running nearly across it forming dangerous rapids. Up through the gorge formed by these rocks the wind sometimes blows a perfect hurricane it is said, and I can believe it as it blew great guns when we came up and the boat went along without minding it, and it is often obliged to anchor to ride out the gale. The little steamer we were on had three large anchors in case of emergency.

This town is in a large beautiful and fertile valley at the foot of the Blue Mountains containing some of the finest farming land I have ever seen. The town itself is about as large as Michigan Bluff and looks like a Cali-

fornia mining town. The season is more advanced than I expected to find it. I find the same flowers in bloom that I left behind me in Folsom, though the mountains about eight miles distant are capped with snow. The valley is filled with most beautiful trout streams, one of which runs directly through this town and is said to be fished to death. I went up it about a half a mile yesterday and passed seven fishermen in that distance. Only two of them had fish and they were very small, I should think hardly worth catching. All of them fished with an artificial fly. They said that the stream was too high for the large trout to bite, but that the majority of the trout caught were less than eight inches long. It is said that the fishing over in Boise is very good. I found two new flowers yesterday, a yellow "Dutchmans Breeches" and a yellow sweet pea. Most of the flowers though appear to be the same varieties that we find in California. . . .

Direct to Portland until further notice and send in a common frank. They will be forwarded to me. Save the Pictorial newspapers for me as I may want to have you send them up. Freight from Portland to me will be $1.50 per pound, but newspapers bring $1.00 apiece.

. . . . . .

Charles T. Blake to C. T. H. Palmer and Edwin Tyler*

Placerville, Boise River, May 2, 1863

Here at last—came in last Monday morning in just nine days from Walla Walla. We had a high old trip, camping out nights, cooking our own grub, bacon, bread baked in a frying pan, and coffee, and standing guard nights the last half of the way to keep the mules from being stampeded by the Indians. You come into this place out of a bare treeless country covered with sage brush over a high snowy mountain and find country so much like California that one would hardly know that he was so far away from home. This town lies in one edge of a sort of Basin surrounded by snowy mountains. Looking back there are three or four main creeks running through this basin, which is about 40 miles long by 15 broad in the widest part. These creeks all unite at the lower end of the basin and run off into Boise River. Every one of these creeks and the gulches leading into them and the whole hillsides between them seem to be rich in gold. Men working with cradles on little points in the hills take out $100.00 a day to the man. The whole country is claimed up though by the first comers, some men holding 15 or 20 claims, and it is difficult for those that come in now to find ground that isn't claimed. As the emigration comes in this will be remedied and men cut down to what they can legally hold. The dust here is poor, a rough quartzy looking gold like that from Millers

*Inserted in this letter is a description of Placerville from the letter of Charles T. Blake to his parents, written at Bannack Boise, I. T., February 26, 1864.

Defeat, fineness ranging from 750 to 850. It is almost the only currency here and is paid out full of sand as it was in old California times, at $16.00 per oz. Hard show for gold dust buying as $13.50 to $14.50 is all that W. F. & Co. want to pay.

The road down was about as steep as that by which we had come up. We had hardly cleared the snow before we saw signs of mining in prospect holes sunk here and there. Very soon we came on miners at work, men whipsawing and making shingles, etc., and very soon came out on a little flat ridge and, riding down a street still filled with stumps and tops of trees lined on each side with newly built houses, came into a little square about as big as our garden at home and were in the town of Placerville. As we rode through the square to a hay yard beyond, quite a crowd followed us to learn the news we brought. We had made very good time as we were only 9 days out from Walla Walla. One of the crowd that followed us in said to our guide "Can you tell us anything about Wells Fargo and Co? We understood that they were going to establish an agency here." "Yes" says the guide "they are, and that man in spectacles is the agent." The next instant I heard a shout taken up and repeated through the whole town "Wells Fargo have come." In less than three minutes I was surrounded by an excited crowd of two or three hundred men, who hardly allowed me time to get my saddle off from my mule before they almost dragged me into a large unfinished building on the Plaza, as they called the square. The carpenters were at work, but were stopped at once, the shavings were cleaned out, a couple of boards put on tressels were fixed up for a counter, one man ran for a whiskey keg to make me a stool and another brought in a pair of scales and a yeast powder box to put gold dust in and installed himself to weigh for me. I had brought in with me about 400 letters, and now proceeded to call them over. As the news of my arrival spread, the crowd increased and for eight mortal hours my tongue had to wag without cessation. I disposed of a great many letters though at a dollar apiece and about eight o'clock at night broke up business in spite of the crowd, being very hungry and tired and started out to get something to eat. This was my introduction to Placerville.

I found my hands full as long as I staid. I was busy from morning till night and very soon began to see that there was a great deal of money in the country and that the office, when fairly established would do a tremendous business. Everything reminded me of '49 times in California. Money was easily made and recklessly spent. Nearly every finished house in the town was a gambling saloon and all were crowded every night. Fighting, shooting, etc., were every day occurrences. On Sundays there would be two or three thousand people in the town. Sometimes it would be almost impossible to elbow your way across the plaza for the crowd. Dur-

ing the day there would probably be half a dozen fights and two or three shooting scrapes, and as all the gambling houses kept a band of music in each in full blast, the uproar and confusion would be perfectly deafening, about as strong a contrast to a quiet New England Sunday as you could well find.

I saw a little incident one night, very characteristic of the times. I had been at work quite late at night and before going to bed went out to sit down awhile on the steps in front of the house. There had been a crowd in the plaza all the evening, but they had all gone home except one party of three or four who had been particularly noisy and obstreperous. When I went out this party was right in front of the house and one of them less drunk than the rest was trying to persuade his companions to go home. Just then a man on horseback came riding through the Plaza very fast, and as he passed this party one of them jerked out his revolver and fired a couple of shots after him. "What the devil are you shooting at the man for" say his companions. "Pooh" was the answer in a tone which evidently implied that fuss was being made about nothing, "there's no harm done. I didn't hit him." I received one Express about a week after I got in and despatched one. The second one did not come in as soon as I had expected and having an accumulation of Express matter on hand, I sent down a special messenger with it. Two or three days after he had gone the long expected Express arrived and to my great astonishment brought me word from Mr. Knight that he had concluded that the route was too long and dangerous to run and had concluded to withdraw from it. On looking at the date of the letter I found it had been written the day before I got into Placerville. . . .

Placerville is a small town about half the size of Michigan Bluff. There are very few houses yet finished here. I have rented one of the best fronting on the plaza at $150.00 a month. It is yet a mere shell, but I have a board fixed up in one corner for a counter and take in letters and packages. I have no office furniture, no blanks or anything. The stuff which was to start this office was sent out by the way of Lewiston and was shut in in the snow. I am in hopes it will be in soon for I am almost run ashore. My stock in trade consists of about 50 envelopes, two or three quires of paper, a forwarding receipt book, some pens, ink, a stock of sealing wax, and some way bills. Envelopes for this coast we sell at 50 cts. apiece. States do. 75 cts. We get letters from Oregon P. Offices for 50 cts. apiece. I should judge from appearances that the letter business alone would reach $1,000.00 a month. We charge 5 per cent on treasure to Portland, and merchants think it quite reasonable. I am going into the newspaper business here. Sacramento Weekly Unions sell for $1.50 apiece. Other papers

in proportion. I have sent an order to Sullivan and enclose a slip asking Palmer to send $100.00 to Geo. Hitchcock for S. If he can't do it, well I wish you would send it Ned. As soon as I have a settlement with W. F. & Co. I can remit you some coin. I have been pretty busy since coming in—have written up two or three quires of paper—all on business. I send out my first Express day after tomorrow and expect then to have two or three days of leisure. There are two or three old Michigan Bluff men here. Jim Witcher—Cuddy, who has a good claim paying two or three hundred dollars a day, and Shissler who used to work in the Pine Stump. I believe this would be a good country for Charles Davis to come to, but it would cost perhaps too much to take the chances. $200.00 from San F. would not more than cover one's expenses. . . .

Direct—C. T. B.
Agt. W. F. & Co.
Boise Mines, via Oregon.
and send in agents envelope.

Charles T. Blake to Edwin Tyler

Portland, June 20, 1863

I scarcely know when I wrote you last. For the last month I have spent about half the time in the saddle and have ridden on horseback over 700 miles. The rest of the time has been spent, partly at Auburn, partly at Walla Walla, and partly here. I have managed to keep Hattie pretty well informed of my whereabouts, but gave up correspondence in every other quarter as a hopeless job. I went to Auburn from Boise to buy dust for W. F. & Co. I staid there about a week to get acquainted with the people and the diggings. When I first got into the town I wrote to [the] Portland office to send up some coin and some little fixtures that I wanted for dust buying. After staying at Auburn about a week I left for Walla Walla to get my coin. I had to wait at that place a week before it arrived. I then went back to Auburn, turned it all into dust and then rode down to Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River and took the steamer for this place. At the Landing to my surprise I met Parkinson and a lot of Placer Co. boys on their way to Boise. I gave them all the items I could and they left for above the same day that I went down. Passage down on the steamers was free, meals, rooms and all, all the way to Portland, simply because I was introduced to the officers as an Express Agent. I only wish the Cal. S. N. Co. were as liberal.

I find on my arrival here that W. F. & Co. have established an assay office here, and are going to try and run Tracy and King off the track. There is a good deal of feeling about it, and it can't be denied that W. F. & Co. are somehow very unpopular here. But the chief item in the count

against them is the closing of that Boise route. Two-thirds of all the business done with the mines this summer is with Boise and almost all of the gold comes from there and the business men are very indignant with W. F. & Co. for withdrawing, saying that if they can't run that route they had better withdraw from every other. The boys in this office say it was the greatest mistake that was ever made and are looking anxiously for orders to start again. If they do put on again, there will be two offices and there are lots that want them. Fields, the express cashier and bookkeeper is very anxious to have one and I hope he will get it, for he is a sensible gentlemanly fellow and knows Hattie Stiles well. I tell you Ned, I lose a great chance if W. F. & Co. don't put on, for that office there with newspaper business and all would have been worth $500.00 a month. The route would certainly clear W. F. & Co. over and above all expenses $5000.00 a month. As it is I must wait and hope. I shall buy at Auburn until the matter is settled one way or another whether they open or not, and then be guided by circumstances in my course.

. . . You know how I used to long for an outdoor life. I am getting it now with a vengeance. What do you think of the idea of buying dust one day in the week and then spending six in the saddle to get it into the hands of the Express? That seems to be about the way of it now, and I have to ride 50 miles a day on the average to make the trip down and back in six days. If it should continue I shall have a change of horses and make it in two days for I think I could ride 100 miles a day without fatigue. I am getting so used to it. If I could not get back to Boise I would like very well to have the assay business here, but not at his salary, $150.00 a month. If I could get $250.00 and do both melting and assaying, I should like it. But time will settle everything. . . .

Charles T. Blake to His Parents

Bannack, Boise, I. T., February 26, 1864

It is so long since I have written to you that I almost feel that as I am so great a stranger I ought to apologize for thus intruding on you. When I wrote you last, just before leaving for this country, I supposed that here I should have ample leisure for correspondence and fully intended to write you constantly and to keep you posted as to my doings and prospects. But I had hardly arrived here and begun to get things arranged before I received notice to close out the business here and to go below to Auburn and do the same thing there, and instead of the quiet office life which I had expected to lead during the summer, I was travelling through this wild country all the time, mostly on horseback, and about the 6th of August arrived in San Francisco again, as I supposed to stay. But here again I was mistaken. Four days more saw me going up the Sacramento River on my way to Oregon overland to re-establish the Express in this part of the

country. We did not get things arranged to commence here until the 1st of October. Since that time I have been ill a good deal of the time and when I have been able to get about my business has kept me pretty fully occupied. What time I have been able to get from my office duties here I have been obliged to devote to correspondence connected with the business. I believe that since the 1st of October last I have written more than I had done for five years before. Things have begun to fall into a regular routine now, so that less writing is required and last night for the first time for four months I sat down in the evening and read awhile and afterward played two or three games of chess without having the feeling that by so doing I was taking up time which should be devoted to something else. . . .

It would be useless for you to look on any of your maps to try and get any idea of the country. The only map yet published which has any approach to accuracy is one got out last April in San Francisco by Leland. In all its main outlines this is correct, wonderfully so considering how little was known of this part of the country at the time it was published. . . . I have seen here within a month a new map drawn by a gentleman who has been ranging these mountains for the last three years, which gives the details of the whole country, as far as I know it, with almost perfect accuracy. He has gone to San Francisco to have it published and I will see that a copy is sent you as soon as it is out. But on Leland's map the position of this place is laid down with sufficient accuracy. The Snake River, or as it used to be called, Lewis' fork of the Columbia, runs some three or four hundred miles nearly due west from its source in the main range of the Rocky Mountains and then turns to the north for about three hundred miles further. Parallel to this part of its course about sixty miles distant on the east side run the Salmon River range of mountains. Boise River comes into the Snake from the East not far from the great bend and about sixty miles up this river where the Salmon River Range crosses it comes on the tributary on which Bannack is situated.

As for the town itself, it would be difficult to give you any idea of it. There is nothing in New England that I could compare it with. The smallest village there would cover twice the ground that this occupies and yet even now our population would number 3000 and in busy days in the best part of the mining season it would be safe to say that 10,000 people were in the town at one time. At the last election we polled 2700 votes. There will be a lithograph of the place published in San Francisco by the first of next year and I will have a copy of that sent you and spare you any attempt at description.

As to the mines, gold has hitherto been found in the Salmon River Range in little isolated basins like Elk City and the country around there about 10 miles square. Then Florence only 4 miles square and Warrens diggings of about the same size. Here however we seem to come to a part of the

country where it is distributed more evenly. As far as prospected, all the tributaries of the Boise are gold bearing and crossing the valley of the Snake another rich gold and silver region has been discovered which bids fair to rival Washoe. On this tributary of the Boise the mines are principally placer. They lie in a sort of basin surrounded with mountains, which have been probably cut away to furnish the placers below. Numbers of gold and silver ledges have been discovered in the mountains around the Basin, some of them of great promise, but the extraordinary discoveries made of quartz ledges on the other tributaries of the Boise and on the Owyhee completely throw these into the shade. On those streams the country is more rugged and is less worn by the elements and there are but few placers and those on the main streams, but they have discovered hundreds of veins, very rich both in gold and silver and if they hold out equal to the specimens brought in here, this will prove to be one of the richest gold and silver countries yet discovered. Next summer will tell the tale.

Our means of communication with the outer world have been hitherto almost exclusively by way of the Columbia River (about 300 miles distant) and through Oregon. There has been an express for the last three or four months between here and Salt Lake, but as it has to come over four hundred miles through an unsettled country inhabited by hostile Indians and in winter across a country deeply covered with snow without any trail, it has been very irregular in its arrivals. Since the new discoveries on Owyhee, however, new routes have been projected and charters have been obtained from the Idaho legislature now in session to open roads between here and Red Bluff on the head of navigation on the Sacramento River, and also between here and Humboldt City in Nevada Territory. It is said to be only 300 miles to this latter place from here and once there you can go through by stage to San Francisco in five days. To Red Bluffs it is said to be only 450 miles and a good route the whole way.

On the eastern side of the Salmon River Mts. between them and the main range of the Rocky Mts. lies what is called the Beaverhead country on the headwaters of the Missouri River. There is another Bannack City about as large as this and as they are both in Idaho Territory it creates considerable confusion—people being very apt to get the two places confounded with each other. Our Bannack we distinguish by adding to it Boise. Considering the age of the place (not quite one year since the first house was built) we are improving very rapidly. We have two theatres in operation with performances every night, a weekly newspaper and three daily stage lines running from here to different points. A company has been organized (of which I am one) to build gas works and also to supply the town with water. We hope to have everything in operation by the 1st of July. We expect to manufacture it out of pitch pine of which there is abundance in the neighborhood.

As to politics—when I came up in the spring, it was all "Hurrah for Jeff Davis"—out and out secession. They boasted that they were ten to one of the Union men. I was satisfied then they were out of their reckoning, and the immigration during the summer made a great change in the relative proportions of the two parties. Still when the election came off this fall the Copperheads were confident of a victory, claiming a majority of two to one, and of course were very much disappointed when they were beaten by 425 majority in this Basin.

. . . . . .

To round out the story of the Boise Express office it is necessary to step outside of this contemporary record. We have seen that Wells Fargo & Co's Express withdrew from Boise Basin in May. In June, Tracy and King started an express service into this region. Observation of the rival operation for a month sufficed to show that the withdrawal was a mistake. Acting with decision to repair the error, Wells Fargo & Co's Express had its agent on the road again in August, and by November had bought out the route and offices of Tracy and King, paying, according to the local papers, a good price.

Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican,* who accompanied Schuyler Colfax in his stage-coach journey across the Continent in 1865, and up and down the Pacific Coast wrote a series of letters for his paper in one of which he said:

"But there is no institution of the Coast that has interested me more than the Wells & Fargo Express. It is the omnipresent, universal business agent of all the region from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Its offices are in every town, far and near; a billiard saloon, a restaurant, and a Wells & Fargo office are the first three elements of a Pacific or Coast mining town; its messengers are on every steamboat, and rail-car and stage, in all these States. It is the Ready Companion of civilization, the Universal Friend and Agent of the miner, his errand man, his banker, his post-office. It is much more than an ordinary express company; it does a general and universal banking business, and a great one in amount; it brings to market all the bullion and gold from the mining regions,—its statistics are the only reliable knowledge of the production; and it divides with the government the carrying of letters to and fro."*

*Bowles, Samuel, *Across the Continent,* Springfield, Mass., 1866, pp. 294-95.

CONTINUATION OF THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO*

Compiled by DOROTHY H. HUGGINS

OCTOBER 8, 1855, TO OCTOBER 21, 1855

October 8. The fine large clipper ship *Highflyer,* commanded by G. B. Waterman, arrived, consigned to Messrs. William T. Coleman & Co. The first number of the *Evening Bulletin,* published by C. O. Gerberding & Co. and edited by James King of Wm., made its appearance. At the Union Theater, Mr. Buchanan played Othello in the play of that name, Mr. Stark taking the part of Iago.

October 9. The Supreme Court rendered a decision to the effect that the Leidesdorff estate does not escheat to the State. The steamship *Sierra Nevada* arrived from San Juan del Sur with 862 passengers, 205 of whom were females. On the trip, 38 adults and 7 infants had died from cholera. Supervisor McLean sent in his resignation as a member of the Board of Supervisors. Mr. James P. Casey, upon the invitation of the Board, assumed the seat.

October 10. The State Land Commissioners had a sale of water lots, the sale taking place on Merchant Street at the auction rooms of Messrs. Selover, Sinton & Co. The proceeds were about $40,000—barely enough to cover the expenses of the sale. The *Alta California* commented editorially on Mr. George Gordon's proposal to construct another block of buildings in South Park on a plan somewhat novel as yet in California, the persons contracting with him to pay 8% of the cost now in cash, and 8% more next spring; after this, 10% per annum on the unpaid balance. The principal can then be divided into two equal sums, payable in three and five years, respectively.

October 11. Judge Shattuck rendered a decision in the case of Felix Argenti *vs.* the City of San Francisco, to the effect that the sale of the city property (under which Argenti brings this suit) was fraudulent and void, and that the plaintiff had purchased with knowledge of the circumstances of fraud. The newspapers reported that Robert McElroy had brought suit to eject P. J. Evans from the hulk known as the "Seamen's Bethel," moored near Mission Street, and Beach and Water Lot No. 634, and to secure damages for withholding possession.

October 12. The newspapers printed a statement, signed by Felix Argenti, to the effect that he had bought, through Thomas A. Warbass, the so-called slip lots without any knowledge of how the owner came by them. John McKee has commenced an action in ejectment for the recovery of the property known as the Gulnac Claim, extending 50 varas on Montgomery Street and 200 on Sacramento. The claimant founds his title on the alleged grant of the Ayuntamiento in 1838 to Roland Gelston.

October 13. The Ladies' Festival, at Musical Hall, was continued this evening. The entire proceeds will be appropriated to the furnishing of the new Free School House, now being erected at the corner of Greenwich and Powell streets. Mr. Loder conducted the orchestra.

October 14. The U. S. ship *Vincennes,* Commander Rodgers, of the Pacific Exploring Expedition, which has been cruising in Behring's Straits, arrived. The number of seamen that have deserted from the *Independence* now amounts to nearly one hundred. They are all seeking the mines.

October 15. The clipper ship *Sea Serpent* is loading at Flint's Wharf with a cargo of 420 Chinese passengers for Hong Kong, and will probably sail Tuesday. The exodus of Chinamen for the past three weeks has been greater than for the whole previous nine

*This portion of the "Continuation of the Annals of San Francisco" has been adapted from the *Alta California,* October 8-21, 1855.

months. This is due to the Foreign Miners' tax, the tax being $4.00 per month until the first of October, 1855, $6.00 thereafter until October 1, 1856, $8.00 per month during the ensuing year, and so on. Risley's Vatican and Circus opened on Jackson Street, adjoining the International Hotel. Mr. Risley balanced Mons. Lattimer (weighing 165 pounds) on a pole 25 feet long; Mons. L. D'Evani's india rubber tricks were also very successful, and the tight-rope dancing was faultless.

October 16. The farewell benefit of Mr. Buchanan was given at the Union Theater, both *Hamlet* and *Sir Charles Coldstream* being played. The Board of Supervisors adopted an order to provide for the maintenance of the indigent sick by the Sisters of Mercy during the term of one year, upon the expiration of the contract with Drs. W. and H. P. Gibbons. Mr. Justice McAllister, in the U. S. District Court, delivered an opinion of the court confirming the claim of José de la Cruz Sanchez to the Buriburi ranch.

October 17. Ex-Governor McDougal shot three deer in three shots, without removing his gun from the shoulder. He used Colt's fire shooter, and found the game at Schell's ranch, on the County road.

October 18. A wooden building fronting five feet on Kearny Street and extending about thirty-five feet on Merchant Street, fell into the street. There had been some dispute between the owners of adjoining lots of land, and with a view of settling the rights of the parties, a saw was run between the two claims, separating the rafters and producing the results above stated. Mr. Buchanan, Miss Goddard, Miss Fanny Howard, and Mr. Wheatleigh, took part in a performance at the Metropolitan Theater, for the benefit of the Fire Department Fund. The amount realized was $600. At the Union, Miss Susan Robinson, "a sort of infant prodigy," made her first appearance and was rapturously applauded throughout the whole performance. The schooner *Ada* arrived with $60,000 recovered from the wreck of the *Yankee Blade*. A duel was to have taken place at, or near "Sans Souci," a short distance from the city, between H. B. Truett and Austin B. Smith (son of a former governor of Virginia), but Captain North, together with a deputy sheriff and one or two other policemen, appeared on the scene and arrested Mr. Truett. Judge Thornton, who was on the ground, was knocked down and severely bruised by a mad bull.

After being detained over night at Sacramento because of an attachment levied by the Sheriff, the steamer *Defender* left the wharf this afternoon at 4:00 P.M., completely covered from stem to stern with passengers, the number being variously estimated at from 600 to 1000. A large number of ladies filled the saloon, and every place where a blanket could be spread out was already occupied by persons who had taken time by the forelock and gone to bed at 4 o'clock in order to get a chance to do so at all. About 2000 persons were on the wharf to witness the sight, and when the boat left, the air rang with loud shouts. Newspaper reports indicate that a reciprocal treaty has been made between the United States and the Hawaiian Kingdom. This treaty, we presume, contemplates the admission of such articles as are the production of each country, into the other, free of duty. The Sandwich Islands, by this arrangement, will gain some of the advantage which the country would have received by an admission into the Union, at the same time saving her nationality, and, with it, the power to tax her citizens in order to keep up a show of royalty.

October 19. The duel took place near San Mateo between Austin E. Smith and H. B. Truett; the former received a flesh wound in the thigh. The seconds were Major Richard P. Hammond and Hamilton Bowie, Esq., for Truett, and Volney E. Howard and E. J. C. Kewen, for Smith. The steamers *Defender* and *New World* collided this evening in Suisun Bay on their downward passage from Sacramento. Several shots were exchanged between the two steamers. Among the passengers on the *New World* were Colonel E. D. Baker, General C. J. Hutchinson, Charles E. Pickett, S. A. McMeans, Joseph W. Winans, Samuel Norris, D. O. Mills, and Thomas Maguire. On the *Defender* were Dr. Franklin Bates, L. W. Newman, G. W. Gunn, Joel W. Fuller, Charles T. Cutler, William S. Haveland, William Lewis, J. O'Brien, and P. F. Ogden.

A letter appeared in the *Alta* complaining that the wharves at the lower part of the City are not only dangerous but almost entirely useless for the want of repairs. The

lower end of Sacramento Street is now entirely impassable, and as the street is one of the principal thoroughfares to the harbor, and especially to the Market Street Wharf, it must now remain entirely useless. Steuart Street, particularly near the junction of Market, is rapidly wearing away, and it only requires one or two days' rain to reduce this street to a condition to be impassable. Colonel J. D. Stevenson has presented the Mechanics Institute with a choice selection of books.

October 20. Captain Seymour, of the *New World,* had Captain Brown, of the *Defender,* arrested for assault with intent to kill by firing into the *New World* at the time of her collision with the *Defender.* The case was examined before the Mayor, and Captain Brown was acquitted, it having been proved that he did not fire himself and had discouraged the passengers from doing so. The Secretary of State, General J. W. Denver, having left the State for the purpose of assuming his duties as member-elect of the 34th Congress, the Governor appointed Mr. Charles H. Hempstead to the vacancy. General Denver's deputy, however, refuses to give up the seals, and so we have two nominal Secretaries. Considerable confusion may result. The gas works are progressing in Sacramento with great rapidity and it is said that in another month that city will be lighted with gas. Money in San Francisco is at present very tight, and it is with great difficulty that loans are effected even on really good property at the rates which ruled a month ago. Dust is coming in with moderate freedom, and is mostly going into the Mint for coinage. Bars are in request at par to ⅛ premium.

Having been put in splendid condition at the works of the company at Benicia, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's magnificent steamer *Golden Age,* Capt. J. T. Watkins, left, carrying the Atlantic mails, treasure, and over 700 passengers. Passengers by this line are landed on their arrival in Panama at a wharf at the terminus of the Railroad, by the Company's Steam Ferry Boat, proceed thence in well-furnished and easy Rail Cars, to Aspinwall. Arrangements, it seems, are so perfect and complete that passengers arriving at Panama in the morning invariably leave for New York and New Orleans the *same* day. Among the passengers leaving on the *Sierra Nevada* for San Juan del Sur, was Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, commanding 78 able-bodied men, armed with rifles, bowie knives, and Colt's revolvers, who are planning to join Walker in the conquest of Nicaragua. It is said that Colonel Kewen's object is to avenge the death of his brother, who was killed in the battle of Rivas, and his body inhumanly burned in the public plaza. It is estimated that there cannot now be less than 600 men under Walker's command. Hon. J. B. Weller, Hon. William M. Gwin, Hon. Thompson Campbell, Colonel Jack Hays, and Major Richard P. Hammond left by steamer for the East. Benjamin B. Lathrop has commenced suit to test his right to the seat of County Supervisor, in the place of J. D. Musgrove. For the benefit of Miss Joey Gougenheim, the romantic drama *The Green Bushes* and the comedietta *Ladies Beware* were given at the American Theater. Among those taking part, besides Miss Joey, were her sister, Miss Adelaide Gougenheim, Mr. Edwin Booth, and Mrs. Judah. Miss Susan Robinson, who is playing an engagement at the Union, is a mere child, but exhibits wonderful talent and genius, sings well, a rare accomplishment in a child so young, and plays with an earnestness of manner which is really refreshing.

October 21. The Nicaragua steamer *Cortes,* Captain N. Collins, arrived, bringing 712 passengers, having left San Juan on October 8. Among the passengers were Charles R. Thorne, theatrical manager and actor, and Mr. James McClosky, the comedian. The contractors of the Sacramento Valley Railroad Company attached the property of the company in a suit to recover $1,500,000, thus impeding the progress of work. The Collector of the Port has taken up his quarters in the new Custom-House, which is decidedly the finest building in the State. Other Government buildings are being erected near the Custom-House, among them the Appraiser's Building. The ordinance to increase the police force of San Francisco and to compel policemen to wear uniforms was vetoed by the Mayor. Word has been received from the Sandwich Islands that I. C. Woods (late of Adams & Co.) has sailed from that port for Australia.

(To be continued)

WESTERN HISTORY

*A Check List of Recent Items Relating to California and the West**

ATKINS, MARY
The diary of Mary Atkins, a Sabbatical in the Eighteen Sixties. Introduction by Aurelia Henry Reinhardt. Mills College: The Eucalyptus Press, 1937. [vi]+48 pp.

BEALS, ELLA
Oregon to California by wagon. In *The Oregon Historical Quarterly*, March, 1937.

BERELSON, BERNARD and GRANT, HOWARD F.
The pioneer theater in Washington. In *The Pacific Northwest Quarterly*, April, 1937.

BODEN, CHARLES R.
Oscar T. Shuck, historian of the California Bar. In *San Francisco Bar*, April, 1937.

BUTLER, RUTH LAPHAM (compiler)
A check list of manuscripts in the Edward E. Ayer Collection. Chicago: The Newberry Library, 1937. viii+296 pp. (incl. index). [Lists MSS. by Juan Bautista de Anza, Antonio de la Ascensión, Francisco Xavier Clavigero, Miguel Costansó, Juan Crespi, José de Galvez, Francisco Palou, Junípero Serra, and others.]

CLARK, ROSCOE
The quarter million dollar sack of flour. In *Pony Express Courier*, April, 1937.

COOLIDGE, DANE
Death Valley prospectors. N. Y.: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1937. 177 pp., ills.

CROWLEY, GEORGE T.
The story of the Irish in California. In *Studies*, September, 1936.

DENICKE, IDA (trans.)
The story of my life, a translation from the original German of the autobiography of Friedrich Schuenemann-Pott as made by his daughter. San Francisco: Privately printed at the Grabhorn Press, 1937. [viii]+132 pp.; port. [Schuenemann-Pott was an exponent of "free religious thought" who spent the latter part of his life in California. Only a brief mention of California is contained in this beautifully-printed book.]

DUNNE, PETER M.
The Blackrobes expelled from Mexico. In *Western Jesuit*, March, 1936.
Salvatierra, Kino, and California. In *Western Jesuit*, February, 1936.

ELLISON, WILLIAM HENRY (ed.)
The life and adventures of George Nidever [1802-1883]. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1937. xi+128 pp. (incl. index and bibliography); ills.

FOREMAN, GRANT
The adventures of James Collier, first collector of the Port of San Francisco. Chicago: Black Cat Press, 1937. 61 pp.

HAMILTON, ANDY
A lost treasure found! [Drake's brass plate.] In *Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine*, May 23, 1937.

HENTSCHKE, MAX
[Cover title] A California dream come true. [N. p., 1936.] [8] pp. [Experiences of the author in Los Angeles and the San Bernardino Valley in the 80's.]

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*Readers will confer a favor by furnishing out-of-the-way items for notice in this department. We shall cite books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines, and important newspaper articles of historical value. Send to the Secretary the items themselves or a card with the title written in the form used here.

KEARNY, THOMAS

General Philip Kearny, battle soldier of five wars. Including the conquest of the west by General Stephen Watts Kearny. With a preface by Frank Monoghan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1937. 496 pp. incl. index; ills.

LEONG GOR YUN

Chinatown inside out. Illustrated with photographs by Crieghton Peet and others, and with old wood engravings. New York: Barrows Mussey [c. 1936]. 256 pp. incl. index.

LEWIS, FLANNERY

Suns go down. N. Y.: The Macmillan Company, 1937. 226 pp. [His ninety year old grandmother's recollections of Virginia City, Nevada.]

LUMMIS, CHARLES F.

California songs—III. In *Masterkey*, May, 1937. [Parts I and II appeared in the *Masterkey* for January and July, 1934.]

MATTHES, FRANÇOIS E.

The Geologic history of Mount Whitney. In *Sierra Club Bulletin*, February, 1937.

MURPHY, CELESTE G.

The people of the pueblo, or the story of Sonoma. Sonoma, California: W. L. and C. G. Murphy, MCMXXXV [1937]. xvi+266 pp.; ills.

PRIESTLEY, HERBERT INGRAM (trans.)

A historical, political, and natural description of California by Pedro Fages, soldier of Spain. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1937. xi+83 pp.; map.

SPARKS, WILL (artist)

[The Albert G. Haskell collection of California Missions: a set of twenty-five reproductions in color, published by J. C. Bardell, San Francisco, 1937.]

WIDNEY, JOSEPH P.

Memories of the Sixties. In *California Monthly*, March, 1937.

WILSON, LUZENA STANLEY

Luzena Stanley Wilson '49er. Memories recalled years later for her daughter Correnah Wilson Wright. Introduction by Francis P. Farquhar. Illustrations by Kathryn Uhl. Mills College, California: The Eucalyptus Press, 1937. [vi]+62 pp.

WILSON, NEILL C.

Beginnings of banking. In *Magazine of Pacific Business*, February, 1937.

WOODWARD, ARTHUR

The founding of Fort Mohave. In *Pony Express Courier*, May, 1937.

CABRILLO-COMMENTATOR

April, 1937, contains: "Marin County Discovered by Cabrillo; Drake's Bay," and "We Visit San Miguel Island," by Alfred J. Ennes.

FRANCISCAN EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

December, 1936, contains: "Franciscan Historians of North America," by Fr. John M. Lenhart, O.M.Cap., Lect.Em.; "The Franciscans of New Spain, 1522-1600," by Fr. Joseph Thompson, O.F.M.; "The Franciscans in the Spanish Southwest," by Fr. Bonaventure Oblasser, O.F.M.; "The Present Provinces of the Three Franciscan Families," by Fr. Theodore Roemer, O.M.Cap.; "The Franciscan Martyrs of North America," by Fr. Marion Habig, O.F.M.

GRIZZLY BEAR

May, 1937, contains: "Historic Sonoma in the Valley of the Moon," by Celeste G. Murphy; "California Fifty Years Ago," by Thomas W. McAuliffe.

LEAFLETS OF WESTERN BOTANY

April, 1937, contains: "A Russian Collection of California Plants," by John Thomas Howell; "Quest for Lilies," by Alice Eastwood.

Motor Land

April, 1937, contains: "The Silverado Country," by Aubrey Drury, and "Historical Landmarks." May, 1937, contains "Nova Abion—1579," by Aubrey Drury.

New Mexico Historical Review

April, 1937, contains: "Military Protection of the Santa Fé Trail to 1843," by Henry Putney Beers; "Troublous Times in New Mexico, 1659-1670," by F. V. Scholes; "Oñate's Exoneration," by Sister M. Lilliana Owens, S. L.

Pacific Historical Review

March, 1937, contains: "Western Concepts of Japan and the Japanese, 1800-1854," by Shunzo Sakamaki; "Doctor Yegor Scheffer: Dreamer of a Russian Empire in the Pacific," by Anatole G. Mazour.

Southern Pacific Bulletin

March, 1937, contains: "Storm King: Railroader's Skill, Courage, Match Challenge of Record Snows, Heavy Rain and Fierce Gales." May, 1937, contains: "First & Last: Pioneer S. P. Line and Its Only Surviving Builder Celebrate Birthdays."

Southwest Museum Papers

May, 1936, contains: "Cheyenne and Arapaho Music," by Frances Densmore.

Westways

March, 1937, contains: Cover design, "California Under Twelve Flags—III, The Spanish National Ensign; IV, The Flag of Russia [The Russian American Company]" [This series began in February with "The Spanish Empire" and "The Cross of St. George."] "Mission Labors of the Brothers," by Fr. Hugh Noonan, O.F.M.; "Pistols at Duel Rock," by Idwal Jones. April, 1937: Cover design, "California Under Twelve Flags—V, The Flag of Russia; VI, The Flag of a Privateer"; "Tragedy in April [wreck of the *Blairmore*]," by Jerry MacMullen; "Ancestral Home of the Santa Rosa Cahuillas," by J. Wilson McKenney. May 1937: Cover design, "California Under Twelve Flags—VII, The Mexican Empire; VIII, The Mexican Republic"; "Law Came Late to Pioche," by Philip Johnston; "Notes on Some Lesser California Desperadoes," by Guy J. Giffen: "The Frogs are Jumping at Angels," by Herbert O. Warren; "California Lives Again Under the Flags of Its Past," photographs by Eldean Olsen, Jack Courtney and Dave Packwood.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The March luncheon meeting, held at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake, on March 16, 1937, was addressed by Robert J. Parker, Ph.D., whose subject was, "A Chapter in the Early Life of Thomas O. Larkin," the basis of which was an article by Dr. Parker printed in the March and the present issues of the *Quarterly*. Forty-nine members and guests attended the meeting.

On April 6, 1937, the Society held the largest luncheon meeting in its history: over 275 members and guests assembled in the Empire Room at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel to hear Professor Herbert E. Bolton's address on "Sir Francis Drake's Plate of Brass," which was published in book form by the Society and was ready for distribution on the day of the meeting.

On Tuesday, May 18, 1937, at the Western Women's Club, Mr. Phil Townsend Hanna, Editor of *Westways*, presented the premiere of a motion picture depicting in color the historical flags of California which were displayed in

the pageant given by the Automobile Club of Southern California on April 13-18, 1937. Mr. Hanna accompanied the film with a running descriptive narrative.

Cabrillo raised the flag of the Spanish Empire at San Diego on October 10, 1542. The next flag to be raised was that of Francis Drake in 1579 on California shores north of San Francisco Bay. This was an English flag, the Cross of St. George. Later, Spain, becoming worried by news of English exploits, sent Portolá north on a land expedition which was supplemented by one by sea. On May 17, 1769, the Spanish National Ensign was displayed from the *San Antonio* at San Diego.

There followed the invasion of the Russians, who unfurled the Cross of St. Andrew on September 10, 1812. At approximately the same time, the flag of the Russian American Company appeared over several buildings and institutions connected with this company's establishments at Fort Ross and Bodega. These two flags were both lowered in 1841.

In the meantime, in the year 1818, trouble was approaching from Buenos Aires in the person of Hypolite Bouchard. He was near California shores less than a month, and stopped at several ports, pillaging and causing destruction in all of them. On his way north, he stopped at Monterey and there raised the flag of the Argentine Insurgents.

While the Russians were occupying parts of northern California, the Mexicans rebelled against imperial Spain, and on April 11, 1822, the flag of the Mexican Empire was flown at Monterey. Finally a Mexican republic or confederation of states was set up, with its resultant flag.

From 1844-46, General John G. Frémont carried his own flag with him and unfurled it over all his camps on his various expeditions. On June 14, 1846, a group of Americans captured the Sonoma garrison and raised the first crude bear flag. This flew but a few days when Frémont ordered it replaced by the United States flag. On February 3, 1911, the Bear Flag was made the State standard by act of the legislature.

While the uprising was taking place at Sonoma, Commodore John D. Sloat was sailing north from Mazatlan with orders to plant the United States flag on California soil. This was done at Monterey on July 7, 1846, thus ending the parade of flags which have flown over California during a period of four hundred years.

Lois H. McVeigh.

GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

March 1, to May 31, 1937

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From MISS ANNA W. BEAVER—King, Clarence, *Memoirs: the helmet of Mambrino*, N. Y., 1904.

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Kelly, Charles, *Old Greenwood*, S. F., 1936; Murphy, Celeste G., *The people of the pueblo, or the story of Sonoma*, Sonoma, 1937; Thompson & West (pubs.), *Historical atlas map of Santa Clara County*, S. F., 1876.

From MRS. ERNEST A. DENICKE—Schuenemann-Pott, Friedrich, *The story of my life*, S. F., Grabhorn, 1937.

From FRANCISCAN EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE—*Franciscan history of North America*, report of the eighteenth annual meeting, Santa Barbara, California, August 2-4, 1936, Brookland, Washington, D. C., 1937, Vol. XVIII, No. 18.

From MR. L. A. HOPKINS—Hentschke, Max, *A California dream come true*, [n.p. 1936].

From A. T. LEONARD, JR., M.D.—San Francisco, Board of Freeholders, *Charter of the City and County of San Francisco*, S. F., 1911; San Francisco, Board of Supervisors, *Book of franchises*, S. F., 1910; idem, *General ordinances, in effect May 1, 1910; Municipal record*, Vols. 1-2, October 8, 1908, to December 30, 1909; Vol. 3, 1910; S. F. *Directory*, 1910; Long, Percy V., and English, J. F., *Municipal liability on contracts in California* [S. F., 1910].

From MR. DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE—Foreman, Grant, *The adventures of James Collier*, Chicago, 1937.

From MR. J. W. MAILLIARD, JR.—*The Alta California Almanac and book of facts, 1871, San Francisco.*

From MR. E. CROMWELL MENSCH—Mensch, E. C., *Alcatraz* [San Francisco, 1937].

From THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY—Butler, Ruth Lapham (compiler), *Check list of manuscripts in the Edward E. Ayer collection*, Chicago, 1937.

From UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS—Ellison, William Henry, *The life and adventures of George Nidever [1802-1883]*, Berkeley, 1937; Fages, Pedro, *A historical, political, and natural description of California*, translated by Herbert Ingram Priestley, Berkeley, 1937.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Benard de Russailh, Albert, *Last adventure*, S. F., 1931; Brewerton, George D., *A ride with Kit Carson*, from *Harper's*, 1853; Bromley, George T., *The long ago and the later on*, S. F., 1904; Chalfant, W. A., *Outposts of civilization*, Boston, c. 1928; Chase, J. Smeaton, *California coast trails*, Boston, c. 1913; Cone, Mary, *Two years in California*, Chicago, 1876; Elder, Paul, *The old Spanish Missions of California*, San Francisco, c. 1913; Englehardt, P. Ceferino, *Un Misionero Santo . . . P. Magin Catalá*, Barcelona, 1924; Fairfield, Asa M., *Fairfield's pioneer history of Lassen County*, S. F., c. 1916; Gleed, Charles S. (ed.), *From river to sea*, Chicago, 1882; Hale, Richard L., *The log of a forty-niner*, Boston, 1923; Hanna, Phil Townsend, *Libros Californianos*, Los Angeles, 1931; Leighton, Caroline C., *Life at Puget Sound, with sketches of travel . . . 1865-1881*, Boston, 1884; Praslow, J., *Der Staat Californien*, Göttingen, 1857; Raymond, Rossiter W., *Camp and cabin*, N. Y., 1880; Remy Jules, and Brenchley, Julius, *A journey to Great-Salt-Lake City*, London, 1861 (2 vols.); Rossi, L., *Six ans en Amérique—Californie et Oregon*, Paris, 1863; Saunders, Charles Francis, *Find-*

ing the worth while in California, N. Y., 1926; idem, *The story of Carmelita,* Pasadena, c. 1928; Shay, John C., *Twenty years in the backwoods of California,* Boston, c. 1923; Smith, C. W., *Journal of a trip to California in the summer of 1850,* N. Y. [1920?]; Stephenson, Terry E., *Forster vs. Pico,* Santa Ana, 1936; Visscher, William Lightfoot, *The Pony Express,* Chicago, c. 1908; Vivian, H. Hussey, *Notes of a tour in America . . . 1877,* London, 1878.

From MR. DOUGLAS S. WATSON—Watson, D. S., *An hour's walk through Yerba Buena,* S. F., 1937.

From MRS. FRANCIS WILLIAMS—Bode, William, *Lights and shadows of Chinatown,* S. F., c. 1896; Brooks, Charles S., *A western wind,* N. Y., c. 1935; Garrison, Myrtle, *Romance and history of California ranchos,* S. F., c. 1935; Greenbie, Sydney, *Gold of Ophir,* Garden City, 1925; Golder, Frank A., *March of the Mormon Battalion,* N. Y., c. 1928.

MANUSCRIPTS

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Document signed by Pio Pico, Los Angeles, February 28, 1846.

From MR. GUY J. GIFFEN—Maps showing old adobe houses and historic sites in San Diego Old Town, San Juan Capistrano, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Monterey.

From MR. ALBERT A. ROSENSHINE—A typewritten copy of the "Daily Journal of Susan Marsh Cranston," from Missouri to The Dalles, in 1851.

PICTURES AND MAPS

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Large lithograph of Russ House, San Francisco. (Frame given by Mr. E. A. Wiltsee.)

From MR. FRED J. BOWLEN—Photograph of Lillie Hitchcock Coit, aged 53.

From MISS ELEANOR M. DAVENPORT—Photograph of Sydney Coe Howard (autographed and framed).

From MR. J. L. WOLFF—Two photographs of a long distance telephone instrument used in California in 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MR. FRED J. BOWLEN—Stock certificate of Golden Ark Gold & Silver Mining Co., September 7, 1863.

From COMMANDER JOHN E. POND, U.S.N.—Army trunk that once belonged to his grandfather.

From MRS. FRANCIS WILLIAMS—*The Mentor,* May 1924; August, 1925; September, 1928, and other magazines.

In Memoriam

Gertrude Hyde Garceau

Mrs. Alexander Garceau, the former Miss Gertrude Hyde, was born in San Francisco, April 16, 1866, and died in San Francisco March 23, 1936. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde, whose home from early days up to the time of the San Francisco fire was at 719 Geary Street. Her father played an important part in the early history of the city,

having served as alcalde during the time San Francisco was known as Yerba Buena. Hyde Street was named for him. He came to California in 1846 as a clerk to Commodore Stockton, and was his personal friend. He later returned to Philadelphia, where he had previously practiced law, but having fallen in love with California he resolved to make it his future home, which he did in 1848, bringing with him his wife, the former Miss Ellen McCoy of Philadelphia.

The Hyde family were prominently identified with the social and financial life of the city and their descendants are equally well known. The late Mrs. Garceau had three sisters, Miss Mary Hyde, the late Mrs. Camilo Martin, whose husband was an early-day Spanish consul in San Francisco, and the late Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith. She was the aunt of Mrs. William Palmer Horn and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, both of San Francisco, of Mrs. Harold Dillingham, of Honolulu, and of Mr. Herbert Martin of London.

Ethel R. Shorb.

Thomas F. Madigan

Thomas F. Madigan, autograph expert, authority and dealer, died suddenly at his home, Pelham Manor, New York, on Sunday, April 19, 1936. He was in his forty-sixth year.

In the last decade Mr. Madigan had forged to the front in the autograph field, commercially, as a scientific expert, and as an interesting writer. He was well known to autograph collectors all over the English-speaking world. He was familiar with inks, papers, quill and steel pens, and the characteristics of handwriting of many periods and countries for centuries. He had a marvelous memory of autographic form, a wide range of contact in time, and familiarity with the writing of famous men and women in whom collectors were interested. He also had an intimate knowledge of many great collectors and knew who was most likely to be interested in a valuable letter, document or manuscript. Mr. Madigan once stated that content determined approximately 25 per cent of value; rarity, 20 per cent; demand, 40 per cent; and condition, 15 per cent.

Word Shadows of the Great, The Lure of Autograph Collecting, by Thomas F. Madigan, appeared in 1930. No other single volume on the subject contains so much up-to-date information of interest and value.

A few years ago, Mr. Madigan discovered and acquired the complete correspondence between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, leading to their historic duel and the death of Hamilton. The farewell note of Charlotte Corday to her father, written before she was beheaded, passed through his hands; and he once owned, for a time, the autograph manuscript of Poe's poem "The Raven" and sold it for a record price.

PERSONALIA AND MARGINALIA

As was expected, the publication of the discovery of Drake's "Plate of Brasse" brought to the fore not only much discussion concerning the "Plate's" form and wording but also the fact that the place of its finding by Beryle Shinn was not its original location. William Caldeira, who had acted as chauffeur for Mr. Leon O. Bocqueraz several years ago, called upon Mr. Allen L. Chickering, the Society's President, and after examining the "Plate" made the following statement:

"I started working for Mr. Bocqueraz as a chauffeur in 1925 and left in the summer of 1936 when Mr. Bocqueraz went to Europe. I used to drive for Mr. Bocqueraz when he went hunting at the Country Club of Marin County. It was his habit to take a big Lincoln touring car. He would ride his horse from the Country Club to the place where he intended to shoot. When he had finished shooting, he would let a keeper take his horse back and have me meet him with his Lincoln touring car and ride back with me. While he was hunting, I would walk around and shoot blue jays or hawks and the like. One day more than three years ago, which fact I fix by the fact that I spoke to my wife about it and it was before our baby was born, Mr. Bocqueraz went to shoot at the Laguna Ranch owned by Mr. Murphy. While he was shooting, I walked around to pass the time. While so doing I noticed and picked up a metal plate lying alongside of the road at a point below Laguna Ranch house and in the Y between the road leading to the Muddy Hollow Ranch and the road leading to the lagoon at the mouth of the creek. This point is about a mile and a half from the ocean. I washed this plate to some extent and was able to make out the letters "DRAK" in the signature at the bottom. I could not make out any other words although I saw the printing which I thought was foreign writing of some kind. I showed it to Mr. Bocqueraz the same day that I picked it up. Mr. Bocqueraz did not look at it particularly but said that it was probably something off of some ship, so I put it in the side pocket of the car. About a week later coming from Oakland to the Country Club, I felt it in the side pocket while crossing on the Richmond-San Rafael Ferry, took it out and put it on the seat alongside of me. I was traveling alone. Some time after leaving the ferry and between San Quentin and San Anselmo, I took it off of the seat and took it in my hand and sailed it as far as I could from the right hand side of the car into clear space. I was going thirty or thirty-five miles an hour at the time and was alone.

"On being shown the Drake plate I am sure it is the same plate which I remember because of the name Drake on it and also the hole, which I was sure was in it. I do not remember the notches at the top and the bottom. It was very dirty at the time and not nearly as clear to read as it is at present. The writing other than the name Drake was obscure and was believed by me to be some foreign handwriting."

On April 12, 1937, Mr. Jack Okell and Mr. Chickering interviewed Mrs. William Caldeira at her residence, 4928 Webster Street, Oakland. She recalled that Mr. Caldeira had told her about finding a plate but stated that she had not seen it. He had kept it in the automobile.

Thus the matter of the location of the original setting up of the "firme poste" as recounted by Chaplain Fletcher is once again a matter of mystery and speculation.

In the *Quarterly* for September will be published, it is hoped, a number of articles having to do with various phases of the bases upon which their authors either buttress the "Plate's" authenticity or attack it. With a matter of such importance it is but proper that both the pros and cons be made public. Only through the medium of such an open forum can the truth be discovered and all doubts be laid at rest.

Contributions are still being received for the purchase of the Clift Collection and the expense of moving the Society into its new quarters. A list of the contributors will be published in a subsequent issue of the *Quarterly*.